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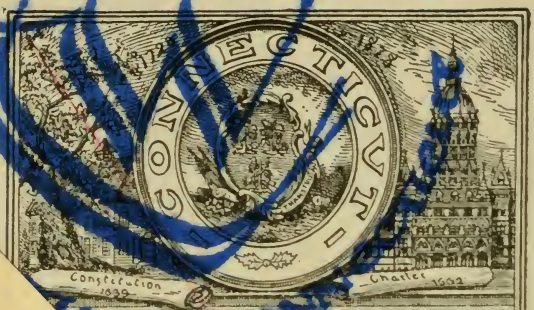

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Winning Orations

in the Contests of the

Intercollegiate Prohibition

Association

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1914 Revised Edition

Winning Orations

in the National Contests of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association

Produced and Delivered by College and University Men and Women. Edited for the Association by Harry S. Warner, Gen'l Secretary.

PUBLISHED BY THE
INTERCOLLEGIATE PROHIBITION ASSOCIATION,
CHICAGO, ILL.

REVISED EDITION

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The Intercollegiate Prohibition
Association

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The Prohibition Oratorical Contest Series

ITS PURPOSES AND ADVANTAGES.

The successful public speaker in this, the twentieth century, when the newspapers are supplying such a mass of information and misinformation, is the one who can interpret this stream of events in the light of the social currents beneath. If he can do this in an attractive and interesting way, he is popular. If not, he is useful anyway.

The old type of orator who mixed his metaphors with the sunlight and his arms with the ethereal heavens above is passing—has passed. The public speaker who "gets results" in this business age when so few men have more than ten minutes at a time to think of one subject, is he who can appeal to the emotions, yes, to a limited degree in its proper place, but who must first convince the judgment and that with facts as they exist now, not as they were last year.

The true orator has always been the one who can take a subject, to his hearers unpopular, and win them to his way of thinking. Conviction must be not merely for the moment, while the people sit charmed by his expression and logic, but also for their cool-headed judgment and actual conduct the next day. Does this imply that the day of the orator has passed? Rather that the demands placed upon him who would succeed have doubled. He must know his subject thoroughly and by experience, as well as be able to talk about it.

A great cause is the occasion that discovers the man with the so-called natural talent for oratory, and that makes of the plain public speaker a practical success. It absorbs his mind, compelling him to know its relation to other reforms, social, political and religious. By putting foremost the purpose to help, it develops personality. The prohibition series of college and university oratorical

contests offers to the students who are preparing to make their lives count for their fellows certain very definite advantages.

1st. A wider field of competition than is offered by any other college oratorical system in the country. It brings together eastern and western types of oratory; it unites South and North with the characteristic qualities of each.

2nd. As high, if not a higher field of competition, involving four steps to national honors: Local League, State, Interstate, and National Contests. This affords a large number of honor positions. A greater number may enter with prospect of some degree of success.

3rd. Equality of competition, resulting from the use of the same general subject which yet permits sufficient variation and treatment to satisfy personal views and preferences of contestants.

4th. The opportunity to advocate a great cause, a live question, that which really makes a strong orator. This is the great feature of this system of oratorical work.

5th. Training for practical public service in some department of the movement.

6th. Special opportunity to investigate the theme to be treated from many points of view, using the most up-to-date material. The Association provides, through its publications and reference libraries, for thorough and systematic study of the liquor problem and a comparison of methods proposed for its solution.

"Winning Orations" contains all the orations that were delivered at the last national contest of the Association. It also contains the first and second honor orations of all previous national contests, together with those judged first in thought and composition when such orations did not receive a prize. These all were winners of first honors in their respective state contests followed by first honors in the interstates, eastern, central and western, through which they gained the privilege of entering the national.

In preparation for the last national contest over eleven hundred orations were written and delivered, some of them being spoken many times. First honors in the national means victory over orators from the prohibition

leagues of the colleges and universities of twenty-eight states, from Maine and Florida to California and from Minnesota to Texas, inclusive, which are represented annually in the four inter-state contests.

These, of course, are all student orations and not the masterpieces of experienced public speakers. On this basis they should be judged; but it is believed that they contain much vigorous thought and strong argument well expressed. But of more significance is the whole-hearted purpose shown by their authors to be of service in the fight against the American Liquor Traffic.

HARRY S. WARNER.

January 15, 1915.

Earl H. Haydock

For the second time in the history of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association the highest honors in the national contests of the Association went to the Pacific Coast, when Earl H. Haydock, of the University of Southern California, won the 1914 National held at Topeka, Kan.

In his university life Mr. Haydock—"Happy Haydock" as he was familiarly known—was distinctly a student leader. He was prominently identified with a wide range of student activities, including among others the Glee Club, debating and literary societies, the Prohibition League, the Civic League, the Y. M. C. A., basketball, and several student governing bodies. As an upperclassman he was chosen president of nearly every organization of which he was a member. Entering the I. P. A. oratorical contest in his junior year he made a clean sweep of the local, state and interstate series, winning the 1913 Western Interstate held at Pacific University, Oregon, and with it the right to participate in the 1914 National. In his senior year he was a member of the winning debating team representing his university and was honored with the presidency of the largest class ever graduated from the University of Southern California.

Mr. Haydock was born in western Kansas in February, 1886. After four years in that pioneer dry state he moved to Iowa, where he obtained his early education in the country school at Ashland. He completed his eighth grade and two years of high school at Eldon and then attended the Fort Worth Academy at Fort Worth, Tex., for one year. His high school course was finished at Tulare, Cal., in 1905, and after one year on the farm he entered the University of California, where he worked his way through college and graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1914. During the year following he pursued

EARL H. HAYDOCK,
Highest Honors, National of 1914.

graduate work leading to his master's degree and was instructor in history in the University High School.

Haydock climbed into the limelight during the summer of 1914, when he directed a force of forty collegiate campaigners in the "California Dry" campaign. Although the dry amendment failed to carry, the effective, energetic work of the college men was one of the factors in rolling up the tremendous vote which was cast in favor of the prohibition measure. Their campaign also resulted in the election of the first party Prohibitionist ever sent to Congress. In recognition of his efficient leadership Mr. Haydock was honored with the nomination for Member of Assembly on both the Prohibition and Democratic tickets. As a candidate he won the appropriate characterization, "Clean, Keen, Equipped for the Job," and received most flattering support from the voters of his district.

Concerning him the head of the department of Economics at the University of California said: "He is a good deal of a human dynamo; you may expect everything about him to be set into lively motion. * * * He possesses high but realizable ideals of life and government and is a fearless defender of civic righteousness and the social justice demanded in our day. Take him all in all, with the energy and enthusiasm of young manhood, the splendid culture of the university seasoned with the experience of actual life, the oratorical power that makes leaders of men, and his sturdy sterling character that insures independence and absolute integrity, Mr. Haydock may be expected to give an excellent account of himself."

Our National Parasite

By Earl H. Haydock,
University of Southern California, '14.

First Honors, National Contest of 1914.
Winner of Western Interstate, 1913.

(In the National this oration was ranked first in delivery and second in thought and composition.)

I.

Every form of life has its foe. Plants have their parasites. "The fowls of the air, the fish in the sea," all creatures of Earth wage an endless conflict for existence. Man is pursued by enemies, from the wild beast to the invisible germ.

The history of nations is a story of the struggle of good and evil. A nation falls because it has institutions sucking its life blood. Not all Athenians were morally degenerate, not all Romans were black at heart, but enough were bad to rot the core of national life, and when the testing time came they were "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

If the hand of history writes anything, is it not this: "The stability of a nation is determined by the virtue of its people"? Whenever the cancer of lust eats to the heart, whenever the parasite becomes master of its host, there can be but one result. Vice, whether in the rich or the poor, leads to inevitable destruction. If it be true that sin is the natural precursor of ruin, should we not examine our own democracy to see whether we have any national vices? If we discover there any causes of deterioration, is it not our duty as enlightened citizens to face them squarely and destroy them without delay?

II.

Has our republic any institutions selfishly blocking progress and sapping our vitality? He is indeed blind who would answer no. Fastened upon our body politic is a menace threatening our very life. The most potent cause of sin, sorrow, and misery in our land today is the legalized liquor traffic.

Must not every thoughtful person acknowledge its importance? We are confronted on every side by its powerful hand. We encounter it in every phase of national life. It is a social question because society has made it so! It is an economic question because enormous wealth has made it so! It is a political question because our Government has made it so! And it is a moral question because God has made it so! It is not only an economic, social, political and moral *question*—it is that, and more than that. It is as Lincoln has said, "one of the greatest . . . of *evils* among mankind." It is more than a *question* to be solved; it is a *curse* to be removed; a *sin* to be eradicated; a *parasite* to be annihilated.

In 1865 Lincoln said, "After reconstruction, the next great question will be the overthrow of the liquor traffic." But since that time this parasite has been fastening its grip tighter and tighter upon the vitals of our democracy. From the time of Bacchus men have drunk to excess, but the evil has not always been an organized institution, legalized and nurtured by law. Only within the last fifty years has our Government become "The Silent Partner." Uncle Sam is now hand in hand with the brewers, and builds great storehouses for the free use of liquor. There is enough rum stored in the government warehouses to supply the total consumption for three years if there were not another drop distilled. We license and protect this parasite despite the fact that it is now universally condemned.

III.

Reason has condemned it! Morality has condemned it! Science has condemned it! Society and social reform have condemned it! Three-fourths of our territory has banished it! Fourteen of our great commonwealths have

outlawed it! Even our Supreme Court has judged it worthy of death! Yet in spite of all this, every year sees an increase in the manufacture and sale of this poison. This tyrant lives and flourishes, grinding up our grain, debauching our men and women, prostituting our children, polluting the blood of unborn generations, damning the souls of its victims, and hurling the nation headlong to imminent catastrophe.

It transforms the loving parent into the fiendish demon! It transforms the promising young man into the worthless wretch! It transforms the beautiful pure girl into the pitiable maniac! It transforms the cool-headed captain of the Titanic into a reckless criminal! Go into the asylums, the jails, the streets of our cities, the cafés, the dens of vice, yea, even into our homes, and we find the blight of its sting!

Why do we allow such a menace to exist? Why do we stand idly by and see it grow larger and stronger when we could stop it? Every time we hold an election—county, state, or national—the opportunity is presented to strike. Every four years since 1872 the people have had a chance to end the whole nefarious business at one stroke. But because certain political parties come with their brass bands, their million-dollar campaigns, and their indulgence in personalities, we go to the polls and vote as our fathers have voted, for this party, and that man, instead of voting for right and for principle.

IV.

What remedy do the parties offer? The Democratic Party almost a century old, the Republican a half century, the Socialist a quarter of a century, and lastly, the Progressive Party—four generations of parties—and not one word in their planks against the greatest evil in America! They offer absolutely *no* solution. At every national convention resolutions have been presented, and at all entirely ignored.

There is only one party that has dared to attack the real issue. For nearly a half-century the Prohibition Party "has been the highest and most perfect expression

of the political demands of the people." Marvelous seems the prophetic vision with which she has foreseen our present-day problems; admirable the progress of her constructive programs:

1872.....Woman Suffrage. Direct Election of Senators.
1876.....International Arbitration and World Peace.
1888.....Abolition of Polygamy and the Social Evil. Uniform Marriage and Divorce Laws.
1892.....Government Control of Public Utilities. Social Justice Between Capital and Labor.

She has initiated these and many other reforms, touching every important question of our democracy; but first and always has she denounced the liquor traffic as the paramount evil, and advocated nation-wide prohibition as the only ultimate remedy. She has stooped to no compromise, and has given no quarter. She has consistently presented to the voters an opportunity to conquer this arch-enemy of man. Yet last November less than two per cent of the entire electorate voted with her against this foe. Why did this occur? Why are we so indifferent? Why do we not unite and manifest our sentiments against this sin by our votes? Do we realize that we hold in our hands the Deliverer? Do we realize also that we are morally responsible for our votes?

Men may cry out against this octopus in burning words; they may write scathing lines against it; they may spend their time, their money, and even their blood, in carrying on a ceaseless warfare—indeed they have been doing this very thing for years—but the only effective weapon, the only telling instrument, is the ballot.

The schools may educate our boys and girls to let alcohol alone; the Church may sound the evils of intemperance; the Government may try to regulate and control the traffic; the social worker may rescue a few victims from the abyss; but so long as rum is manufactured, it

will be drunk. The only effectual way to eliminate the drunkard is to cease creating him; the only way to cease creating him is to kill the institution that makes him; the only instrument of death to this institution is the ballot. We, dear friends, have in our hands the power to rid our land of this devastating plague. It was *created by law;* it is *nurtured by law;* and it must be *destroyed by law.* The rum traffic blocks the path of progress. The question cannot be evaded, it cannot be ignored, it must be settled. The time is now.

V.

I appeal to you, men and women of this enlightened age, to consider these facts. I appeal to you, voters of this Christian land, to awaken to the peril, and use the God-given right of suffrage without delay. I appeal to you, young people of college, in the name of progress, to *lead* in this, the greatest service to mankind—*moral emancipation.*

The whole world is listening for the shout of victory. Let us fight with the ballot, until we finally triumph. Free our soil from this scourge by voting unitedly against it! Let the fallacy of license die. Be not blinded by compromise. No longer regulate and protect this parasite for the sake of revenue, but rise in the spirit of liberty—the spirit that gave birth to our native land, the spirit that saved her from disunion and slavery—rise, and ballot for principle. Let us make this a land where equal opportunity is the privilege of all, where the sovereign voter is morally free, and where the people and the government are one.

HENRY C. JACOBS,
Second Honors, National of 1914.

Henry C. Jacobs

A native of northwestern Iowa, Henry C. Jacobs was born on a farm near Alton in 1889, twenty-five years before he won second honors in the I. P. A. National Oratorical Contest of 1914. He received his early education in the little white country schoolhouse, where he attended until he was fourteen, working on the farm during vacations and after school hours.

At seventeen he entered the Northwestern Classical Academy at Orange City. After graduation there in 1910 he entered Hope College at Holland, Mich., where the work of the ministry and the cause of missions soon began to have a new interest in his life.

The organization of a branch of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association at Hope College in December of his junior year opened to the ambitious but formerly reserved student a new and attractive field. The work of the Association appealed to him strongly, both from the standpoint of the study of the liquor problem and from the standpoint of its oratorical features. In competition with four of his fellow students he entered and won the local contest in March, 1913. In April he took first place in the state contest at Albion and in November won his third successive victory by capturing the Eastern Interstate held at Columbus, Ohio, in connection with the national convention of the Anti-Saloon League.

Mr. Jacobs graduated from Hope College with the class of 1914, and the following year took up a theological course at the same institution. During his college course he was actively engaged in Y. M. C. A. activities and in social and religious work both in and outside of college. He was also a member of the Cosmopolitan Literary Society.

His first interest in the anti-liquor crusade dates back to the oft-repeated injunction of his father, "Never take

your first glass and you'll never take your second." His home community was one in which drunkenness was looked upon as a shame and a disgrace. During the summer of 1914 he took the field in the interests of the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois. The organization work and the immediate contact with the forces of the liquor traffic which this experience afforded him served only to strengthen his former convictions. His realization of the relationship of social problems to the work of the minister and of the liquor traffic to social problems has determined his future attitude toward the liquor traffic.

Watchman, What of the Night?

By Henry C. Jacobs,
Hope College, '14.

Second Honors, National Contest of 1914.
Winner of Eastern Interstate, 1913.

(In the National this oration was ranked first in thought and composition and tied for second in delivery.)

The twentieth century program of progress includes a great moral combat. Religious convictions and utilitarian motives are combining to consummate the most universal and permanent reform of all time. Conditions everywhere point to the ultimate solution of the liquor problem. While the catastrophe of European nations shatters the dream of pacifists, and the ghastly carnage of war defies peace palaces, rulers have halted to arrest in their own camp the ravages of the demon alcohol. Contemporaneous with the struggle for power, or for vengeance, in which only nations can win, goes on the struggle against the destroyer of manhood, in which the whole world shall be victorious.

The recent action of belligerent world powers marks a great advance in the anti-liquor movement. England demanding efficiency in warfare, proposes a sober soldiery. France, despairing at her army dissipation, destroys her casks of absinthe. Germany, demanding clear brains and steady hands, puts the ban on beer. Russia, remembering her defeat at the hands of Japan, and holding the life of her peasantry more dear than government revenue, interdicts for all time the sale of vodka.

Not at all surprising is this change of attitude when viewed in the light of present-day scientific evidence.

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The chemical laboratory pronounces alcohol a protoplasmic poison. The factory and workshop brand it as the foe of efficiency. The alienists and neurologists, medical experts of our country, in convention at Chicago in July, condemned unanimously the use of alcoholic beverages and recommended prohibitive legislation. In October, at the third annual Congress of Industrial Safety held at Chicago, resolutions were adopted pledging its members toward the elimination of the use of alcoholic stimulants among the employes of their shops and factories. Such is the unimpeachable testimony of science and industry. Convince the masses of these facts, and the ancient Dynasty of Alcohol shall forever abdicate its relentless reign.

The demand for civic righteousness likewise pronounces its verdict against the saloon. The ruling element in society will no longer tolerate corrupt politics. And it can be conceived that our government, which is disciplining mighty corporations, which is everywhere demanding publicity, which is a model for the rising republics of the world, shall overlook the flagrant corruption of a traffic which is ever encouraging short-penciling and the fraudulent ballot? When it is known that brewers and distillers are employing the most underhanded strategies to maintain their respectability in industry and their prestige in government; when it is revealed that twenty-five thousand dollars was offered to moving picture concerns to keep them from presenting Jack London's "John Barleycorn;" when it has transpired that in Illinois during the spring campaign the saloon interests attempted to influence the widow vote with the price of a sack of flour and a box of groceries; and that brewers, with their lavish sums to bestow upon lying liquor advertisements, are subsidizing a great number—thank God, not all—of the newspapers and periodicals of our country; when it is evident that with their attractive doctrines of personal liberty and home rule they are still hoodwinking the unwary voter,—in the face of these facts, is it reasonable to exempt the liquor interests from speedy condign punishment? Nay, rather, we shall hunt out the hidden strategies until the last trace of the cruel blackness of this

iniquity shall have been brought to the bar of judgment. To do the opposite were to make a lie of patriotism, to pronounce self-government an impossibility, and republican liberty a farce and a mockery.

Equally inevitable is the overthrow of the liquor trade because of the prevailing spirit of altruism. The altruism that permits the existence of an institution which itself furnishes the objects for charity, is a most glaring contradiction. And yet there exists in modern society just such an inconsistency. Philanthropy strives to alleviate human suffering, while the saloon aggravates misery and distress. In every state, as symbols of our nation's good will, stands the asylum for the weak and aged, for the fatherless and motherless, for the insane and feeble-minded; while over against these, as symbols of the cruelest malevolence of all ages, stands the grog-shop, fostering human imbecility, turning youth to age, making children parentless, and swelling the lists of the mentally diseased and deficient. During the last few months millions of sympathizing Americans have sent across the waters to the nations in Europe grappling in fratracidal conflict, the Yuletide cargoes of "Peace, Good Will toward Men;" while the fact that liquor every year claims the life of more than 100,000 of our countrymen is looked upon with the coldest complacency. Can these opposites continue to exist side by side? Shall our citizens, devoted to universal physical well-being, condone the sale of intoxicants which have been proven to be the greatest promoters of disease? Shall Christianity allow her defences to be battered in pieces by perpetuating the inconsistency of seeking to promote humanity's welfare and failing to eliminate humanity's destroyer? Such a flagrant subversion of reason is beyond my comprehension. As long as my country lives, as long as Christianity has power and rational philanthropy has meaning, I cannot conceive of such a situation.

But all this evidence in itself cannot entirely effect the overthrow of the liquor traffic. The facts gathered from science and industry, the revelations resulting from the demand for civic righteousness, and the conditions brought to our attention by the prevailing spirit of

altruism, these will remain impotent, divorced from public information and public conviction. Here, however, we receive new encouragement. Never before has there been such a movement to enlighten the public in regard to the deleterious effects of alcohol—a movement that is enlisting an intelligent citizenship which is learning to place public morals above private aggrandizement and men and principles above party adherence; a movement that has prompted ninety-seven national uplift organizations unitedly to focus their individual activity upon the national abolition of the liquor traffic; a movement that is today sending the Flying Squadron into a hundred and twenty metropolitan liquor strongholds of our country, to make universal and to crystallize into concrete action the sentiment which the unimpeachable facts have created; a movement that is stirring up our governors and our greatest statesmen, ashamed that America has failed to solve in peace what Russia has solved in war, and convinced that that colossal miracle of prohibition which is in successful operation in a nation of 150,000,000 people and is diverting a daily vodka bill of $15,000,000 into channels of legitimate business, shall also be made operative in our own United States. It is a movement that is responsible for this convention of college men, conceived for the purpose of stimulating among the future leaders of America a conviction that will cause them to be consumed with zeal to participate in the present-day nation-wide anti-liquor campaign, the greatest and the most magnificent in the history of moral reform.

But, you say, you are underestimating the strength of your foe. No, we see the organized liquor traffic stand like a mighty monster ready to defy every attempt to encroach upon its self-assumed prerogative. There it stands, —falsifying truth by its unscrupulous devices; controlling legislatures with its blood-tainted revenue; converting the public press, the moulder of popular sentiment, into a deceptive machine of destruction; appealing, under the guise of a public benefactor, to the lowest passions and the basest appetites of man. There it stands, imposing upon the unwary voter forgeries against Henry Ward Beecher and Abraham Lincoln. There it stands, positively

forbidden to interfere with temperance education in the schools, yet nullifying that very government statute by placing in every library liquor publications filled with distorted facts and crooked logic. There it stands, positively forbidden to interfere with the church, yet turning Christian converts into drunken madmen, blaspheming Almighty God and blackening nature's pure air with curses and profanity. There it stands—lives—prospers!

You ask me, by what method, then, shall we proceed to solve the problem? My dear friends, the question is not a question of method. It is a question primarily of faithfulness to principle, to reason, to sound judgment. Out of converted convictions will rise spontaneously the instruments of warfare. Just as aroused America freed the slave, and awakened China banished opium from her borders, so will our country, when once thoroughly aroused tear from her bosom this venemous serpent. Watchman, what of the night? Once the people of our country fully realize this abomination of desolation they have hitherto permitted to stand within their boundaries, I am convinced that, in the name of patriotism, in the name of Christianity, in the name of true liberty, a nobler citizenship will rise in mighty protest against this ancient, blighting curse, this criminal of all the ages. Verily, I see the last shadow of the dark prince of alcohol fade before the rising sun of an enlightened century.

Herbert M. Wyrick

The winner of the first Southern Interstate contest of the I. P. A. took third honors in the 1914 National, when Herbert M. Wyrick, of Carson-Newman College, Tennessee, represented the southern states and delivered his masterly oration, "The Spirit of the Constitution." Mr. Wyrick's oration was especially strong in thought and composition, and he made a strong bid for one of the first two places.

Mr. Wyrick is one of the many student orators who have utilized the I. P. A. contests as a practical step in their training for public speaking and a future public career. All his student activities were along the lines of public address. Although he had participated in two intercollegiate debates and three oratorical contests, prior to the I. P. A. National he had a record of never having been defeated in a debating or oratorical contest.

His first impulse toward the anti-liquor movement came to him through the study class work of the I. P. A. at Carson-Newman. He first entered the oratorical contests of the Association in 1914, when he won successively the local, state and interstate events. In 1913, and again in 1914, he was a member of the winning team which represented his college in intercollegiate debate.

In addition to these activities he was Philomathean Society orator in 1912, president and critic of the Society in 1914, and president of his class and member of the Student Council during his senior year. He was graduated from Carson-Newman in 1915 with the degree of A.B.

Mr. Wyrick's college training was in preparation for the profession of law and politics, and he definitely shaped his course toward that end. During the fall campaign of 1914 he gained valuable practical experience in the realm of politics when he took the field in the interests

HERBERT M. WYRICK,

Southern Orator for 1914 in the National of 1914.

of the anti-liquor candidate for governor. He was on the stump almost continuously and helped to put up a red-hot fight.

His ambition is to represent the First Congressional District of Tennessee in Congress, and he is determined to achieve that ambition. When he succeeds he has pledged himself to work for a constitutional amendment declaring for national prohibition, in case such a measure is not passed before that time.

The Spirit of the Constitution

By Herbert M. Wyrick,
Carson-Newman College, '15.

Orator in National Contest of 1914.
Winner Southern Interstate, 1914.

The object of our fathers in framing the Constitution was to devise an instrument adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union. The immediate design in the formation of the Constitution was the common defense of the nation. But the ultimate purposes of the founders of the Republic were to promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity.

The Constitution does not create the privileges of citizenship. Within itself it is neither the origin of liberty nor the fountain of law. When the American people in their sovereign capacity brought forth a new nation, they declared that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. Government is a divine institution growing out of the moral law. This law prevails by divine ordination. Man can not alter it any more than he can change the course of the stars. God's mandates are eternal, indestructible, and supreme. Nor does man make law any more than the astronomer creates planets. From the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, through the most powerfully constructed telescope science has devised, astronomers explore the star-sown abyss of infinite space, not to form celestial orbs in the heavens, but to discover what God has placed there. In like manner the work of legislative bodies is to ascertain the immutable laws of God, and to enact them into statutes for human government. When these laws are proclaimed the government is without option in its attitude toward their

application. The purpose of government is the enforcement of right and the prohibition of wrong. When any institution is judged in the light of this truth and found to be inherently evil, it is condemned, if not by statute, by the unwritten law expressed in the spirit of the Constitution. It then becomes the imperative obligation of civil government to place such an institution forever under the ban of the nation's law.

Let us try the saloon in the light of the purposes of government expressed in the Constitution. The decision shall be rendered by an impartial tribunal—our national Supreme Court. This body is neither religious, political, nor reformatory in its nature. Its duty is to declare void any law that contravenes the provisions of the Constitution. No man can question the judicial declarations of this tribunal. Its decisions form a part of the supreme law of the nation. If the verdict rendered is unfavorable to the saloon, then in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution, it is the pledged duty of the government to eradicate this institution forever from our land.

The liquor traffic is a social cesspool, freighting the air with the pernicious germs of moral and material pestilence. Its history is written in tears and in blood. When Grendel ravaged the mead-hall of Hrothgar, his destruction fell on only those individuals who were the victims of his immediate presence; but when the alcohol fiend darkens the home, his baneful influence debauches the character of the father, destroys the happiness of the mother, transmits his malignant nature to the innocent babe, and an immortal being is not born but damned into existence. When Tamerlane had finished his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and stood at the gate of Damascus glittering in steel, the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. The devastation wrought by this conquering chieftain with his demons of battle is passing from the memories of men. But King Alcohol has erected throughout the centuries a monument of victims more colossal than the conquests of the Tartar Khan, and has destroyed more human lives than all the wars of history.

Through impetus lent by governmental sanction the saloon has become a power for evil, perverting the public conscience and defying the majesty of the law. In 1861 America was thrust into the awful throes of a mighty struggle. The call to arms echoed throughout the land. The Republic required defenders, but it also needed the sinews of war. In demand to the exigencies of the hour Congress created the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Thus, this government entered into partnership with an iniquity which is the darkest blot on civilization and a lurid stain on the American flag.

Gradually the saloon grew in power until today it is the most corrupt element in politics. It is the refuge of criminals, the rallying place of venal voters, the deadliest foe of civic righteousness. Through its influence elections have been corrupted, legislators debased, and statesmen dishonored. It blights the fairest fruits of Democracy. It is the admitted peril of free institutions. As an organized source of crime and misery, it forms a peril fraught with greater danger to the Republic in these times of peace than a conquering army in time of war.

In the light of principles established by the Supreme Court, the deteriorating influences of the saloon upon the home and society place this institution in diametrical opposition to the purposes of government expressed in the Constitution. Arguments advanced in defense of the liquor traffic have been swept away like cobwebs. The Court says, "There are few sources of crime and misery to society equal to the dram shop." Indiana's supreme tribunal pronounced the saloon immoral, illegal, and unconstitutional. God speed the day when by our national tribunal a mandate may be laid down forbidding governmental complicity in humanity's greatest curse.

The action of our law-making department in legalizing the saloon is unconstitutional. The Constitution prescribes the forms and limits the powers of the government. All legislation must be in conformity with this instrument as our organic and fundamental law. There is a principle of right and justice, inherent in the spirit of the Constitution, which rises above and sets bounds to and restraints upon the power of the legislature. In

accordance with this principle, the Court declared that no legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The liquor traffic endangers the peace, safety, health, and morality of the nation. In the case of Crowley vs. Christensen, the Court says: "Statistics show a greater amount of crime and misery arising from the saloon than from any other source." By reason of the universally known evil character of the liquor traffic, and its injurious effects upon society, the saloon is within itself unlawful, and thus it is beyond the power of the legislature to legalize such an institution. In legalizing the saloon this government has over-ridden the Constitution, and has brought into disrepute America's supreme tribunal. If in the light of advanced civilization the statute legalizing the saloon is held valid, the spirit of the Constitution is nullified, and the preëminence of the judiciary is gone like a morning mist.

But this can not be. Our Supreme Court will ultimately prohibit civil government from legalizing the iniquitous liquor traffic. It is the high function of the judiciary to arrest the progress of the legislature whenever that body transcends its constitutional powers. It is its inherent duty to interpret the rights of civil government in accordance with the requirements of immutable law as revealed in the light of advanced civilization. Judged by the standard of good and evil, higher and more sacredly binding than any human mandate, the saloon stands condemned unequivocally and without mercy or mitigation. The eternal principles of right and wrong, emblazoned by a revelation from on high, and applied by a sleepless and unerring monitor within, are guiding our highest tribunal in a decision which will proclaim humanity and the law of God paramount above the enactments of legislative bodies. That decision will mark the brightest day in the world's progress, and will inscribe the name of the jurist on a fair and everlasting monument after the vain titles of kings and conquerers have crumbled into dust.

In declaring the saloon unconstitutional the judiciary will remove from our midst the most threatening menace to the perpetuity of this government. We are trying the

grandest political experiment the world ever witnessed. The testimony of all history warns us not to feel too secure. A voice from the tombs of the departed republics tells us that if our liberty is to be ultimately preserved it is at the price of eternal vigilance. The venomous saloon, poisoning the fountains of virtue and impeding the progress of mankind, is the deadliest foe of the American commonwealth. Our national judiciary must respond to the just and righteous demands of enlightened civilization, and consign the saloon to perpetual oblivion, or henceforth we must retrograde as a nation until dissolution takes place, and this republic will go glimmering through the dreams of things that were. But ere that time comes, Columbia's supreme tribunal, sitting in garments of unsullied liberty, will issue a righteous mandate forbidding governmental sanction of earth's greatest evil. Then when triumphant victory crowns the temperance reform, wherever the sun shines on our national domain, the Stars and Stripes will waive a stainless emblem, and America will be a saloonless nation.

ETHEL L. BEDIENT,

Eastern Orator for 1914 in the National of 1914.

Ethel L. Bedient

For the second time in the history of the I. P. A. contest system a young woman qualified for a national contest in 1914, and entered the National of that year. This young woman was Miss Ethel L. Bedient, a junior "co-ed" at Albion College, Michigan. In winning the honor of competing in the National Miss Bedient took the lead over five men in the Eastern Interstate held at Albion on Friday, November 13, securing first place on thought and composition at the hands of the three judges.

Miss Bedient was a thoroughly "game" contestant, and entered the lists asking no favors. Her only fear before entering the contest was that the gallantry of the six male orators might give her an undue advantage over her competitors. With an oration strongly feministic in its appeal she spoke with the ease and persuasiveness of an experienced orator, and held the closest attention of the audience from start to finish.

Her record at Albion College is proof that Miss Bedient is an ardent devotee of the strenuous life. She is working her way through college and says she's having the time of her life. In addition to her collegiate duties she finds time to serve as a member of the Student Senate, associate editor of the college paper, assistant in the Biological department, secretary to the head of the English department, secretary of the Michigan Sunday School Association, social chairman of an organized Bible Study class, and a regular visitor at a home for boys, in which she is deeply interested.

Miss Bedient ranks high in scholarship at Albion and is a member of several honorary student societies, the members of which are chosen on the basis of scholarship. She is also a member of the Sorosis Literary Society. Along with her scholastic activities she has a healthy

interest in athletics. For two years she played on the college tennis team.

In her freshman year Miss Bedient won the State Contest for women conducted by the Michigan Oratorical League. During the presidential campaign of 1912 she did considerable stump speaking for the Progressive Party, in the course of which she found frequent occasion to boost the prohibition movement.

Miss Bedient was born in Deckerville, Mich., on December 22, 1892. In 1909 she graduated from the high school of her home town, having the highest standing of any in her class. After graduation she engaged for two years in office work and taught for one year in the Deckerville public schools. She entered Albion College in 1912.

An Open Fight

By Ethel L. Bedient,
Albion College, '16.

Orator in National Contest of 1914.
Winner of Eastern Interstate, 1914.

The liquor problem is a broad one, and our study of it must be of equal breadth. It is not a question of morals, of hygiene, of industry, nor even of politics; it is a question of all of these combined. Therefore, no one plan of attack can adequately cope with it. However, when the curse of the saloon crosses our lives, impulsively and confidently we cry out: "We will crush this thing! If we cannot compete with the saloon we will kill our competitor! True, that is a natural and very commendable feeling; it is right for us to hate the saloon, for it ruins people we love. I, too, am heartily in favor of legal prohibition. But why need we discuss it together when we are agreed that it is necessary and eventual?

However, is legal prohibition the cure-all of the drink curse? Hand in hand with these repressive measures must go constructive measures. Why is the saloon here? Does it supply a social need? Are we certain that we cannot compete with it? Is there any constructive plan whereby you and I can aid prohibition and the annihilation of the saloon? This side of the question, not necessarily because of its greater importance, but because of its infrequent discussion, I wish to present to you tonight.

The very location of saloons proves that they do supply a neglected social need. In our large cities we find few or no saloons near the residences of skilled workers or wealthy men. But wherever the poor live, or work, there are saloons, wide-open, inviting. Around them are men working in unnatural conditions to which their bodies are

not yet adapted. They are underpaid, overworked, improperly or insufficiently fed; their lungs are robbed of the necessary amount of pure air; their nerves are snapping under the strain of constant speeding. When night comes their bodies demand some sort of relief. Not because these men are inherently wicked, but because they are underdeveloped and overworked, do they crave something to sate their appetites. If they were paid a living wage they could buy nourishing food and better homes; a few hours of recreation in a bracing wind would renew their vigor for another day's work. But, as they cannot have natural relief, they turn to the unnatural stimuli of liquor and its accompanying vice. Blame them? We who have good homes, agreeable tasks, and long hours for play and rest? No, we must not censure until we understand. We must not say to them, "Touch not that unclean thing" until we supply the clean. Remembering the good influences in our lives that make us what we are, have only compassion for them in their piteous attempt to feel for one brief moment that they live!

Intemperance, then, is as much a result of poor housing and improper nourishment as it is a cause. The saloon thrives upon the fruits of a wrong economic system, and every day broad-minded people are coming to believe it. Therefore, one scientific way to deal with intemperance among the poor is to change industry. Raise wages, improve home and factory conditions, shorten hours, provide places where men can buy cheap lunches without drinking a glass of beer, and you will rob the saloon of its greatest support. Today men who would be skilled workers cannot be even moderate drinkers. An engineer found with a bottle in his engine cab would at once be discharged. Extend this policy to the unskilled worker; convince him also that the saloon bar is a barrier in the way of his efficiency and success, and the mighty liquor traffic will totter to its final fall.

The saloon-keeper knows not only where to find patrons but how to entice them. Years ago he learned something that educators and reformers are just beginning to learn: we must win people through their pleasures. Ac-

cordingly the saloon-keeper furnishes music, bright lights, vaudeville—excitement that the weary worker in monotonous toil craves in every fiber of his being. Melodrama, cheap enough for even him, appeals to all his instincts: anger, fear, curiosity, love. Before him in a moving panorama his own emotions are depicted in the lives of others. Oh, the exhilaration and zest in living that comes to a brain-befogged toiler when he glimpses a life, adventurous, exciting, full of gratified longings! What does he know of the results of such gratification? What does he care for tomorrow, for eternity, when today holds no opportunity for expression? How easy for him to fall into that line of good fellowship crowding to a marble bar near the theater's exit, to call madly for drink, to drain the subtle glass whose sham glare mocks the very light of day, to lose all self-control, and spend the night in sin and shame, in a vain quest for Life!

If you would discover how little is now being done to counteract these influences, go into a small city some dark night. In the bright spots you will find theaters, dance-halls, saloons. Some distance away, secure from the contamination of these evils, wrapped about by kindly shadows, are the school-house, the library, and the churches! Shame upon us if we admit that we cannot compete with the saloon! Why not open these buildings, make them social centers, where families may enjoy wholesome, educating entertainment for the same small sum that they now pay for corrupting melodrama?

If the churches would rally their enormous membership they could carry any municipal movement to overwhelming success. They could provide pleasures that not only arouse emotions but turn them to right ways of expression, and thus strike a direct and fatal blow at the saloon. The leader of a reform once said: "I would rather have one saloon behind me in the coming election than all the churches in town." Marvel not at the impudence of his statement; marvel rather at the truth of it. He challenges the Christian church to make it a lie! The saloon would empty the churches if it could; the churches could empty the saloon if they would! They could defeat the saloon-keepers at their own game—the game of

catching men. If we do not believe that, we make light of the power of the Christian church. Before admitting that we cannot compete with the saloon, why not try competition? When the church fully awakes it will realize that "today's pleasures must be stronger than its temptations;" that healthful amusement is stronger than intemperance and can stifle the lust for it!

Education, besides giving girls a knowledge of Greek and Latin, should teach them how to keep their bodies strong, how to care for children, how to provide nourishing food at no greater cost than that of the present wretched food of many laborers. Education must make boys real athletes, teach them how to earn a living, and form in them work-habits and play-habits that defy intemperance. Parks, reading-rooms, gymnasiums—anything that will make strong bodies and happy hearts—will fight a winning battle with the saloon. But until the church awakes to the marvelous opportunity of making its directing influence mean something in our play-day and work-a-day world; until the school teaches boys and girls how to earn a living and keep strong and clean; until society fairly rewards their efficiency; until the mother in the home knows more about the longings of her boy than does the man behind the bar; until then we shall have the saloon, or its counterpart!

If we adopt this constructive policy and openly compete with the liquor traffic the saloon will not only be voted out but completely wiped out. And this is no idle dream of a mere college girl. It is the carefully worked out conclusion of the best authorities on social problems in our land today. They are agreed that we must have constructive as well as repressive measures. What are you going to do about it, young people? Are you willing to dedicate your talent, your education, your life to the outwitting and uprooting of the American saloon? If so, here is a constructive program that every one of you, franchised and unfranchised, can help to carry out. In doing your part you will hasten legal prohibition and make its advent effective. Your material is human nature, just as it is. The saloon is making use of right and necessary instincts for the downpull of men and

women. You, with your enthusiasm, your careful study, your Christianity, can take this same love of pleasure and excitement, this same hunger for beauty, these same normal appetites of mind and body, and utilize them for man's uplift. Accept the challenge of the saloon! Fight and defeat it on its own ground in open warfare, and you can sheathe your swords, assured of complete victory. The door of the last American saloon will close with a slam of finality, and the conquered liquor traffic will remain captive forever.

Charles G. Gomon

Representatives of Nebraska Wesleyan University have twice been strong contenders in the national contests of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. The high calibre of the I. P. A. contests is fully recognized at the Nebraska institution, and no effort is spared to stimulate keen competition and develop a national winner.

Charles G. Gomon, representing the "survival of the fittest," was chosen as the entrant in the 1914 National held at Topeka in December, and he fully sustained the reputation of his Alma Mater for developing successful public speakers. Entering the I. P. A. oratorical series in 1912 Gomon won the local contest and took second place in the state event. In his senior year he again entered, and this time succeeded in winning the Central Interstate held at Winfield, Kan., in 1913.

Mr. Gomon graduated from Nebraska Wesleyan in 1913, and the following year earned the degree of A.M. at the University of Nebraska, where he made a special study of the liquor problem. As a part of his graduate course he wrote an extended thesis, taking as his subject, "The Saloon: A Study in Social Causation." He also took theological work at Garrett Biblical Institute, in Evanston, Ill.

While at Wesleyan Gomon was especially active along literary lines. In his sophomore year, and again in his senior year, he was a member of the Varsity debate team which won the college debating championship. He was class orator for one year, University Banquet orator for two years, member of the Dialectic Literary Society and president of the Vincent (ministerial) Association, and took the leading part in the senior class play.

Besides being active in the I. P. A. Mr. Gomon has been engaged in the work of the Anti-Saloon League, being for a time Superintendent of the Lincoln District.

CHARLES G. GOMON,

Central Orator for 1913 in the National of 1914.

For four years he was pastor of the Epworth Methodist church in Lincoln. As a result of early training he has always been strongly opposed to the saloon, and in his future career he proposes to do all in his power, as a pastor and on the lecture platform, to oppose the liquor traffic and aid in its annihilation.

The Second Emancipation

By Charles G. Gomon,
Nebraska Wesleyan University, '13.

Orator in National Contest of 1914.
Winner Central Interstate, 1913.

I.

The stain of slavery is indelible. Time will heal the wounds made by the shackles of steel and mutual interest bridge the gulf between a divided people, but the blood spilled by defenseless slaves cries out against this nation.

Freedom was purchased when our soldiers passed through the Gethsemane of sacrifice. Today on myriad battlefields glittering shafts have been erected in sacred memory to our fallen heroes. The challenge was issued: forth they came from factory and from field, from mountain, mill and marts of trade, from humble walks of life and those of highest honor, and forth they went to pay, with their own blood, the price of emancipation.

Their work completed the "Emancipator" turned the searchlight of his great soul upon the succeeding generation, uttering no idle prophecy when he said, "After reconstruction, the next great question will be the overthrow of the liquor traffic."

II.

We grant that slavery was a great crime. It bowed the heads and chilled the hearts of men, degrading them to the level of the brute, but now confronting us is a foe still more insidious, a crime far more atrocious—the organized liquor traffic. Feasting upon the spoils of its foes, it laughs and makes merry at the torture of its victims, holding high carnival over the bodies of the slain.

The task of overthrowing this mighty Rum power and of dethroning this modern Bacchus is far from easy. First, the individual drinker is bound by fetters of habit and chained by false delusions. The high sounding phrase of "personal liberty" has been employed to lead him into believing that he has a right to debauch himself, ruin his home and drive his wife and children to starvation. He is wrenched as a useful man from society, but is cast back a leper for which the state must provide, not with the revenue it receives as a price paid in license money for the right to make drunkards, but by a tax levied on innocent people to pay for the crimes of the guilty.

This conception of "liberty" is inimical to the very purposes of our American freedom. It is opposed to the basic principle of our American civilization. Liberty, in this domain, ladies and gentlemen, is a privilege safeguarded by law.

The fabric of our body politic is a composite of individual interests, the acts of the individual affecting in some degree the whole fabric. Therefore the effects of intemperance cannot be confined simply to those who practice it. Investigation discloses the fact that from the class of persons addicted to the use of alcohol comes the greatest number unqualified for life's responsibility. Out of every hundred born of inebriates only seventeen are physically and mentally endowed for service. By this record it is apparent that the first law of nature, self-preservation, is being seriously violated. This nation cannot tolerate a race of degenerates, but unless the tide of infamy is checked America will be submerged with crime, pauperism and imbecility.

III.

Again, our attention is called to the havoc wrought in politics by the taskmaster of the franchise. In many of our great cities the ravages upon character have been so emphatic and degeneracy so multiplied that the balance of power no longer rests upon the guardians of purity and righteousness but upon those who bow at the

shrine of the god of Rum, offering their pride, their manhood and their souls a living sacrifice. This fact becomes more stupendous when we realize that one of the greatest political problems of today is the problem of our great cities. Out of such environment have come many of our law-makers to enter our legislative halls, both state and national. Thus our laws have been polluted and the names of our legislators written, not in the "Hall of Fame," but in the "Hall of Shame." Ex-Governor St. John has said, "If our children were made of pig-iron the politicians would favor their protection."

The flag of freedom is supposed to protect that which is legal in our land, but license puts the Stars and Stripes between us and the open saloon. In our attempt to rid ourselves of this great curse we find our battle is not so much with the saloon as it is against the flag. "The Stars and Stripes is an epitome of the soul-stirring history of these United States. It is the ensign of liberty and human progress. Its folds have been baptized with the smoke and tears and blood of the greatest of civil wars. The noble legion, the Grand Army of the Republic, is a living reminder of at what an awful cost was our glorious flag preserved, as the champion of the rights of men—even black men and slaves; but, to think of that flag set as the defender of the blackest infamy of the age—the American saloon!"

In memory I see a framed liquor license in a saloon window, decorated with our national colors and surmounted by our American eagle. What a humiliation to the eagle and what an insult to the flag. But by law we placed them both there. With Dr. Platt I agree, that "to lower 'Old Glory' not half-mast, but to the mouth of the smoking pit, there to enforce a reciprocity treaty with perdition, is to treat sacrifice with sarcasm and the sacred with sacrilege."

IV.

Time will not permit the enumeration of all the means by which the liquor traffic works, for there is no plan that it has not devised, no influence that it has not used to bring unto itself the power it so much covets.

Pretending to advance agricultural and commercial interests a Brewers' World Congress was held in Chicago. The real purpose was to extend the sale of beer in China, Korea and Japan by securing the sanction of United States government officials.

Avowing its championship of economic and industrial progress, the liquor traffic has projected its agencies into every city, village and hamlet in our land. Seizing upon sociability, a fundamental social instinct, the liquor traffic has perverted the true purpose of economics by "making money out of the vices and excesses of other people." Boasting of its friendly attitude toward the laboring man it has placed a stigma upon his morals and its stamp of inefficiency upon his daily toil. In fact, everywhere may be seen its blighting influence, despoiling social freedom, rendering less possible the chance of economic gain and corrupting politics so that good laws cannot be secured nor bad ones eliminated.

V.

The problem of emancipation is again before us. Are we as intelligent American citizens willing to perpetuate so great a crime among us through a method of license and regulation? Honest, commendable efforts have been made by local communities to relieve themselves of this cruel yoke by means of regulation. Great temperance organizations have hurled themselves into the thickest of the fray, and they have done nobly in creating public sentiment and awakening civic conscience. Fourteen states have divorced themselves from the liquor traffic by statutory law or constitutional amendment.

The greatest achievement for temperance in this century, however, was the enactment of a law by our national Congress which has as its purpose the interference, on the part of the federal government, with the inter-state shipment of liquor into dry territory, to be used contrary to local law. This is a step in the right direction. A national problem cannot be settled by anything less than national consideration. The abolition of the liquor traffic must be by the national government.

An amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation and transportation of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes within the territory of the United States is the only ultimate solution of this great question.

The demand of this generation is prohibition. Men of all political parties, who prize principle more than power, are demanding it; men who possess a vision of statesmanship are demanding it; men who cherish right and despise wrong are demanding it; and there is now gathering a mighty host that shall sweep up to the summit of victory.

The need is for strong men, well equipped, who will enlist to fight until the foe is vanquished.

The call comes as one mighty voice from the downtrodden and the oppressed, and they are listening for a reply. Listening they hear the sound of the marching of a mighty host and from shore to shore the sound of many voices echoing and re-echoing as with determination the liberators advance, shouting, We come! for

"We as Christians must bear
Our part in this fight; we must do and must dare
To the utmost of strength, that the foul curse of rum
That hath blotted the past with the blank of despair,
Shall be cleansed from the skirt of the century to come,
While this star-crowned nation the palm-branch shall
wear,
And the rum-fettered slave bask in liberty's air—
We will do, we will dare!"

SAMUEL W. GRATHWELL.

Western Orator for 1914 in the National of 1914.

Samuel W. Grathwell

From the slums of a big city to a distinguished place on the public platform is a story of such rare occurrence as to be noteworthy. Yet this, in a word, is the story of Samuel W. Grathwell, winner of the 1914 Western Interstate Contest and Pacific Coast orator in the National of 1914.

Grathwell was born in the slums of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. When he was but seven years old his father died, a victim of strong drink, and the mother was forced to take in washing to support herself and three children. The children attended school in the heart of the slum district, and took their meals each day at the children's home. At the age of thirteen young Samuel left school and sold newspapers, blacked boots and worked as a messenger boy in order to assist in the support of the family.

When about nineteen he decided to attend night school, and it was here that his education really began. His industry, sincerity and marked ability in public speaking attracted the attention of the superintendent, who became interested in him and later sent him to Berea College, Kentucky. Here Mr. Grathwell spent four years, earning part of his expenses and engaging successfully in intercollegiate debate and oratorical work.

In 1911 he went to Oregon, and the following year entered Pacific University at Forest Grove, where he continued to win oratorical honors. In 1913, and again in 1914, he won the local and state contests of the I. P. A., and the second year he succeeded in capturing the Western Interstate held at Los Angeles. He also represented Pacific twice in debate and won first place in the "old line" state oratorical contest.

An incident in connection with the "old line" contest is a source of keen satisfaction to Mr. Grathwell. A

third of his oration was devoted to a discussion of the liquor problem. Fearing that the judges would not favor an airing of this subject his friends strongly urged that he should not jeopardize his chances of winning by speaking of the liquor traffic. Grathwell, however, insisted that he was speaking for a principle and refused to expunge this part of his oration. His victory served to turn the tide and the contest the following year had two orations on the liquor traffic.

In his junior year at Pacific Mr. Grathwell was vice-president of Gamma Sigma, the oldest literary society of the Northwest, member of the Debate Council and president of the I. P. A. He was twice chosen a member of the intercollegiate debate team.

For three years, beginning in 1912, Mr. Grathwell was engaged in field work for the Prohibition Party in Oregon, in which he achieved eminent success as a brilliant orator and live leader and organizer. In the campaign of 1914 he was the candidate of the Prohibition Party for Representative in the State Legislature and had no small part in the state-wide campaign which made Oregon dry.

Mr. Grathwell's early life has been a courageous battle for right and success. The difficulties he has overcome have been tremendous, but he has come out victorious. He attributes much of his success to the timely help of his many friends. Frequently he has become discouraged and would have given up had he not at the crucial moment received a word from some friend which inspired him to further effort.

Of the value to him of prohibition work Mr. Grathwell says: "It has made my college course more real to me. Since taking up this work I have studied with a new purpose. Formerly I cared nothing for economics. Now I know that if I am to really understand this movement I must know something of economics. It has helped me to meet men and women. It has taught me to more readily adapt myself. It has given me a newer and deeper appreciation of human values. If I were asked right now what I want to make my life work I would unhesitatingly say: the overthrow of the liquor traffic."

Liquor vs. Capital and Labor

By Samuel W. Grathwell.
Pacific University, '16.

Orator in National Contest, 1914.
Winner of Western Interstate, 1914.

For more than a century America has waged the conflict against strong drink. Beginning with a plea for moderation and progressing to an appeal for total abstinence, the movement has culminated in a demand for prohibition. In these crusades the liquor forces have lost stronghold after stronghold. The world's ablest physicians reject alcohol as a medicine; our highest court declares that to sell intoxicants "is not the privilege of a citizen;" and by every righteous standard the traffic in alcohol stands condemned as immoral. Baffled by the decisions of the Supreme Court, beaten back by the steady advance of the forces of science and morality, the liquor interests now pose as the champions of "personal liberty;" assert that "prohibition does not prohibit;" and especially claim their business to be an "economic necessity." From this economic refuge the liquor forces must be driven. With this victory achieved the sophistry of "personal liberty" and the assertion that "prohibition does not prohibit" will no longer effectively appeal to public opinion.

The economic factor, as history shows, determines the course of most human movements. The fear that our commerce would be demoralized, says President Wilson, forced our loose league of rival states to form the constitution and to become a united nation. During the slavery crisis, to stem the tide of feeling in England which favored the Southern Confederacy, Henry Ward Beecher, that great moralist, discussed at Manchester, Glasgow and

Liverpool the ultimate economic benefits their laboring masses and business interests would derive from the overthrow of slavery. As in those crises, so in the movement against the liquor traffic, of prime importance is the effect upon Capital and Labor.

Some are unwilling to emphasize the economic aspect. They refer to the moral ravages of the traffic as its "greatest indictment," and therefore insist that the battle should be waged on the high plane of moral idealism. But is not the economic phase also intensely moral? The highest moral development for millions of people, while living under the financial burden of the liquor traffic, is impossible. However, it is not a question of the "greatest indictment;" what we must consider mainly is the *best plan of attack*. Multitudes will never care about that higher question, "Is prohibition right?" until convinced that the liquor traffic does not pay.

This fact is evidently fully recognized by the liquor forces. The economic argument was their chief weapon in every recent state-wide prohibition campaign. Their position is well stated by their prominent champion, ex-Mayor Rose of Milwaukee, who says: "I am not here to discuss this question as a matter of sentiment. Thinking men realize that, lying beneath the froth of sentiment is the solid substance of material fact, and I am here to discuss this proposition as a sound economic question." From the attitude of the liquor men themselves and from the history of great movements we ought to learn the value of marshaling our forces to attack the traffic's economic defense.

When the liquor interests appeal to the business men they boldly assert that prohibition depresses commercial conditions. Facts, however, do not sustain this claim. The prosperity of legitimate business depends upon consumers, and whatever cripples their purchasing power reacts against business. Once I interviewed an old German storekeeper concerning prohibition. "Mister Temperance Man," said he, "I used to want saloons, but if you can get rid of them here, I'll give you $50.00. Do you see this street carnival here? The Commercial Club said it would help business and they asked for money. I and

other business men gave it. Where are all the men? In my store? No. In the stores of other merchants? No. The men are all in the saloon. The saloon gets the business and we don't." Here is the very heart of the question. Wherever the saloon exists men waste their money for intoxicants instead of spending it for *food, clothing* and *shelter.*

What would our annual drink bill mean to business if invested in the necessaries of life? In 1913, over $2,400,000,000 was spent for intoxicating beverages—an amount greater than the gross incomes of the railroads, and over twice the national revenue. Had this enormous amount been spent on 600,000 families of five each, allowing to each family $3,500 for the purchase of a home, household furnishings, a piano, food and clothing for a year, even then the full amount of our yearly drink bill would not have been expended. There would still be left a bank account of over $400 for each family. Consider that these 600,000 families outnumber those living in the great city of Chicago, and you will more fully realize the magnitude of the drink bill and its crippling effect upon all other business.

But no longer need we rely upon speculation alone. When the liquor forces asserted, during the prohibition struggle in Salem, Oregon's capital, that prohibition impaired business in the neighboring city of Albany, many of Albany's leading merchants went to Salem and publicly declared that, far from being a detriment, prohibition was their best economic asset. And with Salem dry, some of the very business men who had been the champions of the liquor interests became staunch advocates of prohibition. From Kansas, Maine, Georgia, and other dry territory comes the same report. Abolish the saloon and legitimate business prospers. Let it remain and the wage-earner has less for baker, grocer and clothier. He buys a smaller quantity and a cheaper quality. The traffic stands today as the greatest menace to legitimate business.

The organized traffic further claims to be labor's friend. If a friend it will not injure the laborer's welfare. On this basis the declaration must stand or fall.

Carroll D. Wright, formerly United States Commissioner of Labor, estimated that the same amount of fixed capital needed to employ one man in the liquor business, if invested in legitimate industry, would employ eight or nine men. Abolish the saloon and factories and stores will rise on its ruins. Industry, thus quickened and unhindered, will call the unemployed; while those formerly working for the traffic will change from unproductive to productive labor. No longer then will such numerous processions of idle men march the streets with banners bearing the words, "Our children cry for bread." The problem of the unemployed will be largely a problem of shiftless drones.

The traffic not only stands between the toiler and a larger market for his labor, but daily increases the burden under which he is struggling. The new order of industry, demanding the highest order of efficiency from its employes and realizing that alcohol cripples the productive power of labor, discriminates against the man who drinks. Neither moral nor sentimental reasons force this discrimination; it springs from economic necessity. Because inefficient workmen lessen profits, Marshall Field & Co. prohibit the use of intoxicants by their thousands of employes, and even forbid their frequenting places where liquor is sold. To promote public safety the states of Vermont and Michigan forbid the employment by common carriers of any who use intoxicating drinks. To improve their service, the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad, last January, discharged 126 men for drinking. Thruout the world of industry, wherever such regulation are made, they are but a form of insurance against economic loss.

But does the traffic injure merely the intemperate employe? Can the total abstainer in the ranks of labor say, "The traffic does not hurt me?" Does it not, instead, crucify the innocent with the guilty? Many firms have experiences similar to that of Porter Brothers, the great railroad contractors, who declare that frequently on Monday morning they cannot begin work because so many of their men—their reason dethroned and their bodies paralyzed by strong drink—fail to report. Thus the total

abstainer, tho ready for duty, loses part of his wages. As long, therefore, as the traffic remains the welfare of all labor is impaired. The total abstainer, thru no fault of his own, is often out of employment, while the drinking workman, under our rising standards of industrial efficiency, becomes an outcast in the world of labor or is driven to a lower scale of employment and reward.

Liquor the friend of Capital and Labor? Rather their most deadly foe! Their welfare demands the destruction of this great economic scourge. And the power to make this victory possible lies with us, the sovereign people. In the name of business, hindered in its progress; in the name of labor, kept from her full reward; in the name of this nation itself, upon whom are turned the eyes of the world, we must go forward in the conflict determined that the liquor traffic shall die; determined that we shall have a better nation, a richer nation, a happier nation, a nation free to move forward to its God-appointed destiny.

Aura C. Nesmith

Born in the state of Kansas on July 4, 1893, Aura C. Nesmith boasts that he is both a patriot and a prohibitionist. His father was one of the pioneers of the prohibition movement in the Sunflower State, and spent time, money and influence in the fight against the liquor interests in Ellsworth County. With such early training and surroundings prohibition principles became part of the son's inheritance, and because of the issue which it presented no oratorical contest ever held for him so strong an appeal as that of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association.

Mr. Nesmith received his early education in the public schools and later spent two years in the academy and four years in the collegiate department of Kansas Wesleyan University, where he was granted the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Elocution in June, 1914.

He began his oratorical work while in the academy, taking part in a W. C. T. U. prize contest. Later he represented his college in an intercollegiate debate and also participated in an inter-society debate. He represented Kansas Wesleyan in the State Prohibition Oratorical Contest in 1913 and again in 1914, winning the last event and thus qualifying for the Central Interstate held at Clinton, Mo., in June. Here he scored another triumph, winning first place and the honor of representing the central states in the Grand National Contest at Topeka on December 29.

While at Kansas Wesleyan Mr. Nesmith took a prominent part in various college activities. He was president of the Ionian Literary Society, the Debate Council, the Epworth League and the Prohibition League, advertising manager of the college annual, secretary of the Student Council and captain of the Gospel Team. For nearly six

AURA C. NESMITH,

Central Orator for 1914 in the National of 1914.

years he was an active member of the I. P. A., and during this time he became so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the organization that he is determined to carry into his chosen life work, the ministry, the same unqualified opposition to the liquor traffic which has marked him as a leader during his college days.

The Final Step

By Aura C. Nesmith.
Kansas Wesleyan University, '14.

Orator in National Contest, 1914.
Winner of Central Interstate, 1914.

The supreme duty of our nation is the conservation of her citizenship. Our laws demand the protection of passengers on land and on sea. They compel owners to provide sanitary surroundings for their workmen and to protect them from needless injury. We protest against child labor, and demand a minimum wage. And yet no other agency is wasting more resources, creating more serious problems, or destroying more life than the legalized liquor traffic. In the name of humanity and in behalf of our free government we must make war against this destroyer. Our appeal is not sentimental. It is based upon a rational, determined conviction that there is no reasonable defense for a traffic which is the source of evil and economic waste, and is the enemy of all good. We plead, not for the control, but for the destruction of this traffic.

Men realize that prohibition is a moral necessity; but they have failed to appreciate its importance from an economic standpoint. The liquor traffic strikes at the foundation of prosperity, since it not only wastes the wealth itself but also destroys the power of producing wealth. Railway companies, manufacturers, and agriculturists discriminate against employes addicted to the use of intoxicants as a beverage. "Every industry should produce," but this industry takes grains and fruits which might be used for food, and transforms them into a poison. Last year the liquor industry in this country de-

manded for this poisonous product two billion dollars; another two billion was required to care for the dependency resulting from the traffic. Alcohol lessened the economic efficiency of twenty-five million men, and killed, directly or indirectly, one hundred thousand of our citizens; it destroyed sobriety, thrift, and strength of purpose—moral qualities, the economic value of which cannot be measured.

Of still greater importance is the effect of the liquor traffic upon our social institutions. Upon society as a whole this industry brings a deadly blight. Families are driven into want and squalor. These conditions beget moral degradation and ruin. Manhood is destroyed, honor blasted, affection outraged, home ties are broken, and our divorce courts are crowded. In its relation to the family and the home the liquor traffic has not one redeeming feature. How long will we continue to trifle with petty reforms and leave untouched the monstrous liquor traffic, which is the chief source of all social evils?

While the liquor problem has an economic and a social phase, it is pre-eminently a political problem. The liquor traffic is threatening the very life and liberty of the nation itself. Today the saloon controls the majority vote in our great cities and holds the balance of power between the great political parties of our country. What is the attitude of our government toward this traffic? Our nation is striving to bring peace on earth; but behold a destroyer a thousand times greater than war is here. The trusts are a subject for national legislation; but what has been said of this trust which not only deprives men of their earnings but crushes out honor and virtue and life itself? "The red flag of anarchy has never floated to the American breeze except from an American saloon." And yet this accursed traffic goes on with the consent, yea, with the sanction, yea, even with the co-operation of our government. For two hundred and fifty million dollars a year our government sells to the saloons the privilege of exploiting and blighting her citizenship. Beholding the destruction, the degradation, and the death, every man who loves justice, purity, and righteousness; every man who loves his country, his fellowman, and his

God, cries out in protest against this "unspeakable iniquity."

This protest, however, must be more than a protest of words. It can find adequate expression only in effectual reform measures. The time merely to discuss the liquor problem is past! The time for its solution has come! The only solution for this problem is national prohibition. Prohibition is not a theory; it is not an experiment. It has been tested in the smaller units of government. Sixteen thousand incorporated villages, seventeen hundred counties, five hundred cities of more then five thousand, and two hundred cities of more than ten thousand population have outlawed the liquor traffic. Fourteen states, with an aggregate population of almost twenty million, have adopted prohibition. As a result more than forty-eight million of our people are under "no license" and eighty per cent of the area of our country has no saloons. This measure has had only an unfair trial; and yet the prohibitory law was never more satisfactory to the law abiding citizens of this country than it is today.

Conditions in the state and in the nation are so similar that the only logical conclusion is, that prohibition, successful in the state, will be more successful in the nation. At present the federal government prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquor to Indians. Stringent prohibition measures are enforced in Alaska. The canteen has been excluded from our army and navy. A federal statute now prohibits the shipment in interstate commerce of intoxicating liquors to be used contrary to law. The passage of the Webb law is the greatest legislative victory the temperance forces have ever secured. The awakened public sentiment of our nation triumphed in the halls of Congress, and, in spite of the united opposition of all the liquor forces, the bill was passed in both houses of Congress by more than two-thirds majority. Thus the mighty forces of prohibition have swept onward from victory unto victory.

From former battles we have gained new strength. Former victories have given us new courage. The agitator and the educator have done their work. The fourteen states have waged their incessant warfare. But

today the scene of battle has shifted to the national capitol. After all these steps of progress the final step remains to be taken. "This nation can no longer remain half slave and half free." If we neglect this final step all other efforts will have been in vain. We must not retreat! We cannot stand still! We dare not even hesitate! After years of patient toiling we are ready for the final step.

This final step in driving the traffic from our land is an amendment to the constitution of the United States which shall forever prohibit the importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicating liquors. This amendment will first be proposed by a two-thirds vote of both houses of Congress, after which it must be ratified by three-fourths of the states of the union. "A state having once ratified the amendment cannot rescind its action; but a state failing in its effort to ratify may do so at any future time." With prohibition incorporated in the federal constitution it will not only be permanent but the enforcement of the measure will be in the hands of the federal authorities.

This is the most sweeping temperance reform the world has ever known; and yet it is a reasonable reform. Science has proved that intoxicating liquor is not a necessity. The Supreme Court of our nation has declared that no man has an inherent right to sell intoxicating liquor. The revenue is no longer necessary and our Supreme Court has declared that "if a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States (because of prohibition) from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be the gainer a thousand-fold in health, wealth, and happiness of her people." Human slavery has been driven from our land; but another great evil remains under the protection of our government. Although the destruction of this evil may break down old social customs and change the ideals of a multitude of people, this traffic will be destroyed.

Men and women of America, unite for this conflict! The saloon represents the worst in our national life, and all who stand for the best must be aggressively against it. We are equipped for the fight as never before. No other

issues divide us. The chief administrators of our government are in sympathy with this movement. We number among our forces the united church of the living God. The public press of a mighty people is our herald. We are swept forward by the force of a public sentiment which even the organized forces of evil cannot stay. "And the Lord of Hosts is with us." We have driven the enemy from the ambush of respectability and now, in open conflict, the struggle is to the death. And when the smoke of battle has cleared away the shout of victory will arise, and AMERICA WILL BE FREE.

FRANK WIDEMAN.

Highest Honors, National of 1912.

Frank Wideman

Distinctively representative of the South, the spirited, ambitious, cultured South, that combines the best of the old with the progress of later years in its dealings with the big national problem of the liquor traffic, toward the solution of which the sentiment of that section is far in the lead, Frank Wideman carried with him to National victory the well-known power of the Southern orator.

He is a native of Florida, born at Micanopy, October 21, 1891. He attended Gainesville and Tallahassee high schools and then entered Stetson Academy. From this in 1909 he took up his college course, and at the time of winning his national oratorical honors was a Junior, with the expectation of taking a law course on finishing college. While in high school at Tallahassee he first became interested in prohibition speaking contests, winning a W. C. T. U. medal at that time.

In college he has made an excellent reputation in athletics, debating and oratory. He has been a member of the college quartet and glee club, manager of the latter, a member and Commander of the Sigma Nu fraternity, and an excellent student.

In the spring of 1910 the first student prohibition league was formed at Stetson and Wideman became a member, won the first tryout, entered the first Florida state prohibition contest, won it, and spoke for Florida at the Eastern Interstate at Gettysburg, Pa. In 1911 he again represented the state at the Eastern, at Bristol, Tenn., where he won for Florida first place over the state winners of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Michigan, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois. This entitled him to represent the eight eastern states at the 1912 National. During the itervening year he used his oration frequently on public occasions, once before the State Legislature and once at a great prohibition rally at Atlanta, Ga., with some of the best speakers of the South on the program.

At the close of his Sophomore year Frank Wideman, as a part of the Stetson University quartet of singers and speakers, spent the summer in the statewide Prohibition Amendment campaign. The quartet held agitation meetings in every part of the state, reaching seventy-five towns and cities. At the state capitol the governor and his staff attended. Two of the men spoke each night, Wideman using the substance of his previous state and interstate oration on "The Legal Phase of the Question." The work of this college men's team was immensely popular, received great attention through the papers, and was one of the most effective vote-getting agencies on the prohibition side. It was under the management of the State Anti-Saloon League which, after the first month, was compelled to select the most important places from the numerous applications that came in from local prohibitionists for the services of the quartet.

The Question of the Century.

By Frank Wideman,
Stetson University, '13.

First Honors, National Contest of 1912.
Eastern Interstate Winner, Bristol, Tenn., 1911.

(In the National this orator was ranked first by four of the six judges; it was first in delivery and tied for third in thought and composition. In the preceding Interstate it was given first by five judges.)

The question of the century is not one of economics; and yet the question of the sanest economics is held within its compass. The question of the century is not one of jurisprudence; and yet the most vexing problems of lawmaking and judicial interpretation enter into its immediate and ultimate solution. The question of the centuryis not what the newspapers call "conservation"; and yet it is a thousand-fold more vital to our nation's life than the rebuilding of waste-places, or the conservation of our leaping streams and towering trees.

The question of the century, ladies and gentlemen, embraces all economics, touches all law, and deals with the loftiest type of conservation for which statesmen ever planned and of which philosophers ever dreamed.

It is vibrant with the very music of the spheres; it stirs with the heartbeats of the truest humanity; it blazes with the altar-fires of everlasting truth; it is luminous with reason, radiant with hope, and fairly glorious with the conquering principles of Eternal Right that shall live until the stars have ceased to twinkle and the sun has ceased to shine.

The great question of the century is our country's conservation—not of her leaping streams or of her towering trees—but of her children! The burning question of the hour is, how long shall the Flag of the Free throw its protection around a business that can only prosper by the downfall of its citizenship; how long, for the yellow glare of the "gold that leads to

bewilder and dazzles to blind," shall that flag, bought with the blood of our fathers and secured by the loyal prowess of her sons, wave its folds over the legalized saloon—the saloon that is the trysting-place of anarchy, the hot-bed of crime, the companion of the brothel, and the gateway to hell?

All the revenues from our tariff, all the nation's wealth and international glory, and all the development of our resources that can come from the startling genius of man, cannot requite the treasury of our country, nor the ranks of our manhood, for the horrible losses that come from the legalized saloon. Think of it, you who charge us with undue excitement over the tragic denouement of a sentimental drama; think of it, you who ask for facts instead of fiction, and for force instead of fancy's "fitful dream"; think of it, you who promise Utopian deliverence through railroad regulation and tariff legislation; think of it, if you are not lost to all reason and blind to all truth: "The net earnings of all the railroads in America will not pay the nation's drink bill for sixty days"; while the liquor problem, even from a commercial standpoint, is seven times as large as the question of the nation's tariff! The senses reel and stagger over the proven findings of statistics that seven hundred twenty thousand lives in America go out every year as the direct or indirect influence of alcohol. Even the commercial productiveness is cut off thirteen billion dollars by the depleting appetites of twenty-three million regular drinkers and the untimely deaths of these seven hundred twenty thousand citizens. This tragedy every year, to say nothing of the moral debauchery of the millions who plot and scheme for this unspeakable "dominion of iniquity"!

Above all the horrible names that tower in their bloody blackness over the bones of man and the cemeteries of time, stands the loathsome figure of the Mongol King who marked the march of his progress by pyramids of human skulls. Secure in his revolting infamy and isolation, unrivaled even by Caligula of old or Leopold of modern times, this Asiatic monster dips

his spear afresh in human blood and writes his name highest yet among the ancients in Pandemonium's black Hall of Fame. But, like another Genghis Kahn, without one gleam of conscience to restrain, and without one bright spot in all its haunting history, stands the horrible form of the legalized saloon, building its own pyramid of human skulls; crowding our asylums; fighting our churches; debauching our government; blighting our homes, and throwing over the hearts and hopes of millions of women and children a pall of cruel and unending night.

In the presence of these appalling facts, we are forced to the inevitable conclusion that Uncle Sam stands convicted today before the bar of reason as the most gigantic illustration of monumental inconsistency among all the nations of all the earth. In his attitude toward humanity at large and his own children at home he mingles more of "kingly kindness" and consuming cruelty than mortal man can understand or statesmen dare explain. Let pestilence sweep some distant shore and the American government backs the Red Cross evangels on their errands of human deliverance; let famine, with all its horrors, fall upon China or southern Russia, where

> "On pallet of straw age rests its head
> And blue-lipped children cry for bread,"

and the prows of our grain ships part the waters as fast as steam can carry them, bearing bread to the starving and comfort to the dying. Yes, in our own land, where Yellow Fever threatens or the Great White Plague is eating away the hopes and happiness of thousands, our government votes millions of dollars to stamp out death-dealing disease. And yet, for the sake of so much "hush money" paid cash in hand, our government deliberately sells the privilege to kill her own children—sells it while looking with stony stare into the millions of hearts it will crush and into the millions of homes whose portals it will darken. And, to cap the climax, not content with the sickening paternalism of shame, our government offers a monu-

mental insult to her own children by going into states and communities where sovereign decency has driven out the saloon, and encouraging the violation of law—encouraging it by allowing the shipment of liquor into territory that has voted to be free, and by saying to the lawless venders in these same communities: "Pay me for my internal revenue license and I will shut my eyes while you and your home authorities fight it out."

Ladies and gentlemen, how shall we deal with this collossal crime of all the ages? Is there a remedy for it? I answer, YES, and I submit to you that the remedy is nation-wide prohibition, and that the first step towards its realization is state-wide prohibition. And the remedy will come when our political leaders shall become our moral leaders as well, and when every man shall wrap a regnant conscience around a spotless ballot and fight back every cringing coward and every shameful compromise in the conquering battle for a stainless flag!

They tell us that ours is a battle waged by sentimentalists. Ah, intrepid knights in the holiest chivalry the world has ever seen, remember that "Sentiment has shotted every gun that has spouted fire in the name of liberty, and nerved every arm that ever struck in the name of truth and justice." It was sentiment that bathed Marathon and Platea in blood; it was sentiment that gave Sparta her living walls; and it was sentiment that rang the Liberty Bell and fired the shot at Lexington! It was sentiment that bared every loyal breast that marched from Bull Run to Appomattox—whether standing bravely with McClellan and Grant, or spilling the blood of heroes in the cause for which Robert E. Lee fought and Stonewall Jackson fell!

Then, my friends, in the settlement of this great question of the century, let us call ourselves and our compatriots into a new baptism of sentiment that will nerve our arms to labor and fill our souls with fire and song. Let us remember that each local victory and defeat is but a passing battle in a mighty war—a war with ultimate victory as the beckoning star in the sky

of our purpose and our dreams. Let us remember that extermination and not regulation is the one solution of this towering question of the century—that the regulation of a den of rattlesnakes would be an easy task compared with the regulation or reformation of the treacherous saloon. The axe must be laid at the root of the tree! "On to Washington!" is the cry of the conquering army. The national conscience is already awakening; the citadel of King Alcohol is already trembling; and the victory is no longer like the distant twinkle of the morning star but like the radiant glow of the coming morn. And this is not an optimistic idealism devoutly to be wished for but too unnatural to be attained; it is not the visionary flight of a baseless poetic fancy; it is not the rose-tinted coloring of a vain Utopian dream; it is a glorious possibility. It will be a more glorious reality when every woman is true to the "heavenly vision" and American citizen is a freeman and a king.

Harry G. McCain

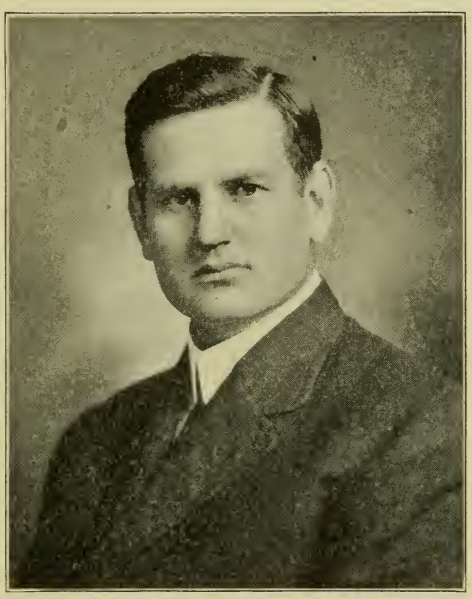
A native Oregonian, born at Brownsville twenty-six years previous to the date of winning his national student oratorical honors, a Junior at Willamette, the oldest college in the Northwest, Harry G. McCain personified in an all-around way the best type of college man that this new-growing Oregon, which yields a social or political reform in a day, can produce.

Born in 1886, his early education was in the public schools and high school of Brownsville, after which he entered upon a law course at Willamette University, Salem, located just next to the state capitol building. His religious conversion lead to the abandonment of the lawyer ambition, and the determination to enter the ministry. A liberal arts course then became a necessary preparation.

His student enterprises indicate an unusually strong all-round human interest in the affairs of every-day people. He was a member of the varsity football team, a popular "mixer" with his fellow students, president of the University Student Body, of his literary society more times than any other man in its history, a debater, college representative in oratory, active in the prohibition league, and student pastor. As preacher he held the most important student charge in the Methodist church of the state, and was a leader in the young people's religious work of his district.

In public speaking McCain won the silver cup for the Philodorians in the inter-society contest in his sophomore year. In 1912 he represented the University in two state contests, the prohibition, and the "old line," winning first and second respectively. In the Interstate, of the prohibition series, representing all the states on the Pacific coast, at Salem, he won the privilege of speaking for his section at the National at Atlantic City, N. J.

He is keenly interested in the anti-liquor movement as one of the most vital problems requiring early settlement.



HARRY G. McCAIN,
Second Honors, National of 1912.

When he began to prepare his oration, a year before the local try-out, he was a firm believer in the non-political, or non-partisan methods of settlement, and he began to write with this in mind. "But," as he says, "I came to realize that the party method, having been tested in regard to other great reforms, and having proved adequate, is the proper, logical, and only certain solution." This mental struggle of a year produced a deep and forceful manuscript that won the first grade from judges in state, interstate and national, who were not personally in full agreement with the solution proposed.

It is one of McCain's leading life ambitions to be of large service toward national prohibition.

Liquor versus Liberty.

By Harry G. McCain,
Willamette University, '13.

Second Honors, National Contest of 1912.
Western Interstate Winner, Salem, Ore., 1912.

(This oration was marked second in thought and composition and third in delivery.)

The love of liberty is one of the strongest emotions of man. It is one of the most potent of all the motive forces of history. Around this God-implanted desire have centered the greatest achievements of individuals, the wars and struggles of nations, and the mightiest conflicts of the races. Adown through the ages the longing for freedom has never ceased its struggle for expression and realization. It is true, however, that the attainment of this desire has invariably brought new duties and wider obligation to law. The first great historical movement for freedom was the Exodus of the Israelites. Moses led them out of industrial, political, and religious bondage. But freedom brought with it the responsibilities of self-government; it demanded that *Individual* liberties be relinquished to the common good. Thus, the annals of history show that true liberty is never found apart from law, while the greatest protection and benefits are secured to society only when personal liberties have been willingly surrendered.

This universe in which we live is governed by a system of inexorable law. Every particle of matter, from the smallest atom to the great piled-up mountains; and every manifestation of the life principle, from the simplest blade of grass to the kingliest man, must recognize its sway. In respect to civil law, he who persists in its violation becomes the victim of its penalty. More than two thousand years ago, Plato taught his disciples that the moral criminal is a slave; and that the noblest aim of

citizenship is a life of subservience to the ideals of government. Now, this principle, translated into the terms of a moral or political problem, means that personal liberty is never license; that it does not give to the individual the right to act contrary to the common interests of society.

The paramount moral and political question of this age is the Liquor Problem. It is true, as claimed by some, that this question has also its economic phase. But it is mainly a moral issue, and I insist that it be considered from the moral view-point; that the worst crime of the saloon is its awful deterioration of the character of our citizenship; that its costliest toll is in virtue rather than in wealth; and I plead that the windows of our national conscience be no longer barred with gold.

Others tell us that prohibition is not a political question. But why not a political question? Is not prohibition of national significance? The Tariff question is necessarily local and sectional. About other great political questions, such as railway supervision and anti-trust legislation, there is substantial agreement. But not so the problem of liquor! Prohibition concerns every foot of our wide domain; prohibition affects every element of our citizenship; while in every class of society it has both friends and foes. Surely, the problem of licensed liquor is the most truly National Issue of to-day. Again, does Liquor stand aloof from politics? No; the very fact that Liquor is strongly entrenched in our governmental machinery demands that Prohibition be considered a political question. The liquor traffic is responsible for most of our civic corruption and political crime: it corrupts legislation, perverts justice and, too often, controls the administration of government. Prohibition not a political question! Then, it is time for the patriotic manhood of America to rise in its sovereign power and pronounce it a political question.

Declared by great economists to be a "Financial Parasite," unanimously adjudged "The most prolific source of crime" by our courts of law; and condemned at the bar of public opinion, the saloon has taken refuge in the

"personal liberty" argument. Champions of the liquor traffic decry prohibitive law as an "infringement upon personal freedom." Their case is well put by an attorney of national reputation, who said: "I have nothing good to say in behalf of liquor; but if a man wants to drink it, or if he desires to engage in its traffic, we have no right to restrict his personal liberty." Fellow Citizens, I protest against the logic and spirit of his argument. It is contrary to the very purpose of American freedom. It is narrowly individualistic. It fails to consider the individual's relation to social life. Modern society is so closely interrelated that the acts of every person affect the whole fabric. As Herbert Spencer, the great scientist-philosopher, said, "No one can be perfectly moral until all are moral, and no one can be perfectly happy until all are happy." The corner-stone of American civilization—liberty under law—is attacked by liquor's interpretation of personal freedom. If the saloon distates the attitude of our society toward the restraints of government, the inevitable result is moral and social anarchy.

Thus, the organized liquor traffic is an impending menace to American institutions. The avowed champion of freedom!—it attempts to lethargize the individual with the personal liberty sophistry, while it throttles the Federal Government which is at once the source and protector of all civic freedom. Liquor a friend to Liberty? Rather, its most deadly foe! The liquor system is the despoiler of social freedom; it lays its blighting hand upon useful citizens and casts them back upon society, paupers and criminals. It destroys political freedom, for it largely controls the policies of our great political parties. The liquor machine, backed by a gigantic trust, is the dominant factor in our present-day policies. Moreover, in this wrong there is no recourse to government; for here, government is powerless. Aye, worse than powerless!—vitiated by its alliance with evil! For over seventy per cent of our internal revenue we are dependent upon our government's complicity in the Crime of Alcohol. America cannot insure freedom to her subjects because America herself is not free. The people who

gained their own liberty in revolution; the nation that won freedom for the Black Man in civil war; the nation that has gone to the utmost isles of the sea in behalf of oppressed and benighted peoples—this nation, once the land of freemen, now crouches an abject slave at the feet of despotic liquor.

The liquor despotism is nation-wide. It domineers in civic life and wields its scepter over society in every state, county and municipality. Dependence upon local reform to break its tyrannical power is futile; we can never kill the vine by trimming the ends of the branches. A political axe, laid to the very root of the system, is the only logical and certain solution. Non-political organizations have been mighty factors in spreading intelligence and creating sentiment against the saloon. But these moral forces must unite with the political and develop into legal standards before they can achieve a national reform. This can be accomplished only through a political party. Every politico-moral reform of the last century was effected by the party method. It was moral force expressed through the political medium that "saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag," and gave the slave his freedom. From the dominant political parties, Prohibition can expect nothing. For more than a generation, while the saloon has flagrantly betrayed the Nation's every interest, and while the saving remnant has longed and labored for the redemption of the new Israel, upon this Paramount Issue the Old Parties have kept an inglorious silence. Do we actually desire freedom from the bondage of organized liquor? Then, let us cast aside every creed and prejudice, and stand together as a great political party upon a clearly defined issue of National Emancipation, and victory shall be ours.

The hour is near at hand when America shall return to pristine power. Not far away in the future an army of citizen-soldiers is gathering that shall break our country's shackles and let the slave go free. Fiercely waged will be the conflict, and costly the sacrifice; but the outcome is inevitable. In the irrepressible struggle between righteousness and evil, the Right must ever triumph.

This conflict will be fought through to victory. There can be no compromise;

> "List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within:
> 'They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.'"

Now we hear the battle cry calling for men to enlist in this "new-old war." We see the response. The forces of good citizenship fall into line behind that emblem of freedom that never knew defeat. Upheld by the omnipotence of truth, they ascend the mountains of liquor bossism; they sweep down upon the plains of political bribery and irresistably across the rivers of legislative corruption. On the banks of the Potomac, the hosts of Liberty make their final stand. They meet in deadly conflict. The forces of Liquor are vanquished. The captor is deposed, and the captive, now free and ennobled, mounts the throne of a purified government. Then, from the dome of our Capitol, reconsecrated to the cause of Liberty, is flung to the breezes of heaven a Stainless Flag with "not a stripe polluted, nor a single star obscured"

LAUREL E. ELAM,

Highest Honors, National of 1910.

Laurel E. Elam.

Ever a quiet studious boy, yet with a great love for athletics, from his early youth Laurel E. Elam gave promise of the scholar's disposition, the thinker who would work his own way to success and that without anyone suspecting his real strength—himself least of all.

It was in this way that he won the highest National honors in the prohibition series of intercollegiate oratorical contests. A senior student at Greenville College, Ill., in the winter of 1909-10, a faithful member of the League, a quiet, deep and almost secluded student, he entered student activities for the first time in his college career and rapidly came to the very front in all-round college life, in baseball, tennis, track athletics, basketball, literary society work, social affairs and chorus work, and as a baritone soloist and a debater.

He entered the local League oratorical contest as a "dark horse," feared by none of the other orators, but won first in a very spirited and hard-fought contest; this gave him representation in the Illinois state, and the victory there entitled him to speak in the Eastern Interstate, to which Illinois was for the time assigned, although logically belonging to the Central Interstate section. In the Interstate held that year at Gettysburg, Pa., Elam was awarded first out of eight state winners. In the National at Valparaiso, Ind., June 17 of the same year, the first prize of $100 in gold was won by the breaking of a tie in ranks on the very small margin of 534 points over 530 by Lewis M. Simes of Kansas, who was given second place.

Laurel E. Elam was born on a farm near Coffeen, Ill., just twenty-one years before he entered upon his student oratorical career. His boyhood was very much like that of all ordinary out-door country boys, except for two characteristics; as a baby he was said to have been very beautiful, and he always liked school from the time of

first starting at the age of five. His school and student days were filled successively at the country school, at the Coffeen High School, Greenville Business College, a summer at the University of Illinois, and the complete college course at Greenville, from which he graduated in 1910. As a boy and young man he worked at the ordinary occupations of farm boy, in a creamery, restaurant, grocery store, office, and at teaching.

Mr. Elam early came into conflict with the saloon in his home town, which was not then "dry." He became intimately acquainted with the work of the Prohibition party, and actively interested in the principles which his oration so clearly defends, as a member of the enthusiastic Prohibition League at Greenville. It is his purpose to make his life count decidedly for prohibition in connection with law, as his profession.

He is now studying law at the University of Chicago, having gained a scholarship in that institution. In 1909 Elam was one of two college men of the state who passed the Rhodes Scholarship examination.

Party Principles.

By Laurel E. Elam,
Greenville College, '10.

First Honors, National Contest of 1910.
Eastern Interstate Orator for 1910.

(This oration was given second in thought and composition and tied for first in delivery at the National.)

Our fathers began the study of Government with the preamble of the Constitution, and completed it with the Fifteenth Amendment. We are much more concerned with the study of those intricate organizations, which, though no constitutional provision was made for them, have insidiously worked their way into the government of our country and have so grounded themselves in our history that we can now scarce comprehend a system of government without them. These extra-legal organizations we call parties. It is by the proper study of their principles and policies that we come to a full understanding of the status and tendencies of our government.

The question upon which the people of the Union first divided was whether or not we should have a strong central government. But why should men disagree on this question? Did some desire less protection? No, the fear was that there might be established certain economic conditions which would not be conducive to the best interests of their individual sections. This basis, or ground-principle, of the first parties of the United States upon examination will be found to be the same in all parties past and present. This is the criterion of every party: that it *secure* and *insure* good economic conditions.

It is in the policies by which this ideal is to be reached that parties differ. The two great parties of the present day, as have most of those in the past, employ what may be termed Direct Policies; that is, the great planks of

their platforms deal directly with the economic problems, such as banks, tariffs, corporations.

If we thoughtfully review the history of our country, we find ample reason why, to-day, these Direct Policies predominate. In building up any new country the struggle is for existence. The public life of our colonial forefathers was taken up with deliberations on taxes, couched in terms of "rights." The success of government, begun under the Constitution, hinged on the treasury department. During the expansion in the early part of the nineteenth century new questions of a similar kind forced themselves upon the people; we read of parties taking sides on such questions as Protective Tariff, United States Bank and Internal Improvements. And so man's mind, accustomed generation after generation to form parties on such questions, has refused to listen to the suggestion that there might be another basis of formation.

Even the outcome of the slavery question failed to teach this great lesson. With pride did the Republican demagogue point to the splendid moral service to humanity, with eloquence has he dwelt of late on the economic development of the South; and yet through it all there has not come to him that forceful idea that Morals and Economics are so closely connected; that one cannot approach its ideal without the other; that without one the other cannot long exist. Imagine morals where economic conditions are chaotic; man's mind and will are too much dependent upon his physical wants. Or imagine economic conditions without morals; for good economic conditions in a civic society presuppose a thrifty, fair-dealing, upright people. It is these axiomatic, fundamental truths to which politicians have closed their eyes—truths which suggest a different and logical basis of party formation on problems other than economic, by Policy which we may call Indirect.

The point at issue is not escaped by boasting of the advancing standard of morals and blindly trusting in the "good sense of Americans." Note the appalling evils which confront us: the Liquor Problem; the

Cigarette Curse; Political Corruption; and that hidden sore of the world, the White Slave Traffic, which, with divorce and associate evils, is the greatest curse the world has ever known. The practice of morals must advance toward the standard of morals.

But of all these evils, why attack the Liquor Traffic? Now, there is no need of enumerating to an intelligent public the awful consequences of drink. It is sufficient that these facts be emphasized: first, this evil is one that may be attacked openly and directly and destroyed at its source; second, every evil tends to augment every other evil; how much corrupt politics can be traced directly to the liquor forces! How many vices under its patronage! Here is the answer then: by attacking the liquor traffic, and totally destroying it, immediate help and happiness will come to thousands and thousands of homes; but, what is better, the foundations will be removed from the more subtle evils, thereby giving to the country's morals, upon which depend future economic conditions, a tremendous uplift.

How, then, do men persist in stigmatizing the Prohibition party as a narrow party? A party of one principle? He is a shallow thinker who joins it because, moved by sympathy, he would brighten the faces of wives and children of one generation. Its understanding is more profound. The Prohibition party is in keeping with this scientific age: not satisfied that the world of politics is held aloft on the uncertain shoulders of banks and tariffs, it breaks asunder the old bonds of custom and habit of thinking and casts about for those underlying laws hidden amidst the complexity of social and political life—laws which must be found and applied in deciding the right course of government. Based on the fundamental law that Morals and Economics go hand in hand, it rears a structure that is true to the one principle that all parties profess to hold, since it aims not alone at securing but also at insuring good economic conditions.

Now some one complains, "This Indirect Policy would be harmful; men must be bound by platform promises on economic problems." Reason does not sustain the

objection. Who would not gladly give over the solution of these problems to men who are not pledged, but who offer studious and conscientious efforts for this purpose? Moreover, legislative procedure is consciously directed not so much toward ends that require the thought of sages. It is almost wholly concerned with general business routine; and in this work honesty is the first requisite. Do not the late "special interest" tariff and "land grabs" demonstrate this fact? What is to be lost when those men are put into office who have no written platform pledges on these questions to evade, and have a conscience to follow?

Still the voters hesitate in calling for the change. Is it because they would rather see an upper Chamber filled with the Lords of Wool, Copper, Steel, Rubber, and Oil? Is it because they would hear one of these worthy senators spend a few hours on the size of a tobacco sack rather than the liquor question? Is it because they like the idea of Cannonism? Or is it the last marks of servility which have clung to us from the Middle Ages and which we of this boasted age of liberty and reason refuse to shake off? The political party was formed to be an instrument in the hands of the people. But now this Baal of our handiwork is our God on whose altar we cast our independence of thought and action. We no longer direct and shape our party's course, but heedlessly drift wherever it carries us. Truly has Bryce observed that "the more perfect the organizations of the old parties become, the fewer are their principles and the fainter their interest in those principles!" The two old parties have ceased to be distinct. Think of it! Nine out of ten voters at the last election would say that it was a choice between men and not between principles.

Nor is anything better promised. "Stand pat" is the cry of one party and the understood policy of the other. Through this wall the progressives of either party cannot break. STAND PAT! Could there be contained in two small words such a lamentable store of folly! Such a fullness of nonsense! Anything so contrary to the recognized laws of Political Science! Are we to be

carried to destruction, lulled to contentment by this song of Prosperity? Are we to glory in what our forefathers did and take no stock in the future?

The question of the correct form of government is not the only one which America was destined to settle. Can we comprehend what perplexities will be ushered in with an increasing population: when our cities become more and more packed; when exploitation of resources is limited; when homesteads are not available? Even now the great problem of Capital and Labor looms up before us like a mighty mountain whose outlines are hidden amid clouds of difficulty. What its enormous proportions are we can only guess. How plainly the solution of these difficulties calls for intelligence and sobriety among the people, justice in the judiciary, honesty and wisdom in our legislatures! It is these qualities for which the Prohibition party is striving! It is these qualities which the Prohibition party will secure and perpetuate from that hour when it realizes its principles!

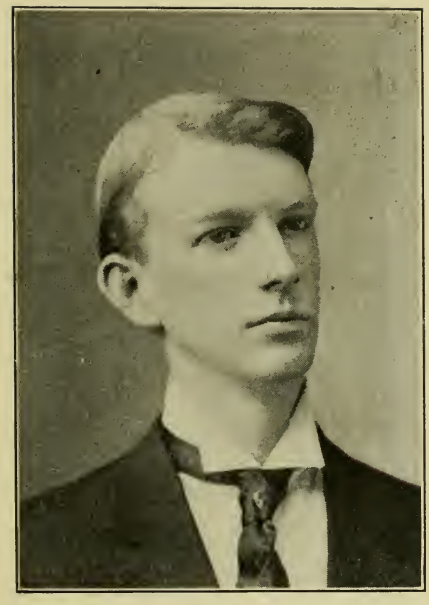
Lewis M. Simes.

A college man from the prohibition state of Kansas, where he had abundant opportunity to learn, at first hand, of the advantages to a state and community to be free from saloons, as off-set against the high license state of Missouri, of which he is a native and where he spent all his boyhood days, and also as the son of a Methodist minister deeply interested in the cause, it is but natural that Lewis M. Simes should be deeply devoted to prohibition and should have a solid foundation of experience and definite knowledge on which to write and speak with authority.

Mr. Simes was born at Clarence, Mo., July 17, 1889. His common school education was obtained at Kirksville; this was followed by study at the Missouri State Normal and then two years in the Academic Department of Missouri Wesleyan at Cameron. In 1905 his parents moved to Winfield, Kans., and he at once entered Southwest Kansas College, from which he graduated in 1909.

In his Freshman year at Southwestern Simes began his student oratorical and debating career, winning the Athenian oratorical contest. During the next two years he was a member of the college debating team which both years won against Ottawa University. During the same time he entered numerous other contests. In his Senior year he first entered the prohibition contests, winning successively the local League, the Kansas state, this year unusually strong, and the Central Interstate held at Holton, his own state, where he received four firsts from six judges.

Mr. Simes' oration at the Valparaiso National was marked by all-round strength. As a practical public speaker he was not lacking at a single point. The selection of subject, "Prohibition and Personal Liberty," was especially vital and up-to-date; his treatment thorough and free from non-essentials and temporary phases of the problem. He was given first rank in thought and



LEWIS M. SIMES,
Second Honors, National of 1910.

composition by the julges and third in delivery. In the final summing of ranks he tied with Mr. Elam, winner of first place, in rank, and a resort to the total of grades gave his 530 points to Mr. Elam's 534. He was awarded the second prize of $50 in gold.

Mr. Simes was always keen as a student and as an all-round college man. He held such positions as editor of the college paper, treasurer of athletic association, etc. The first two years following graduation was devoted to teaching in important high schools of his state. His later purpose is to take a law course and to fit himself especially to handle the legal and political phases of the liquor problem. It is his purpose to make his life count definitely for the prohibition cause.

Prohibition and Personal Liberty.

By Lewis M. Simes,
Southwest Kansas College, '09.

Second Honors, National Contest of 1910.
Central Interstate Orator for 1909.

(This oration received first in thought and composition and third in delivery at the National Contest of 1910.)

I. The powers of evil delight to take for their standard an emblem of Heaven. The Prince of Darkness comes "transformed into an angel of light." In the facts of to-day this truth is confirmed. The liquor traffic hides behind the insignia of truth and takes personal liberty for its watchword. Therefore, I stand here to-night, not to heap anathemas upon the drunkard, not to proclaim the economic evils of the drink traffic, great as they are, but to tear from this shameless hypocrite of the ages his thin mask of righteousness and to proclaim him as he is.

II. Consider the status of the liquor traffic before the law. More than half a century ago the saloon forces began to make the hollow plea before the courts of the land that prohibition endangered the freedom of the individual. With pretended patriotism they declared that abolition of the saloon infringed upon the constitutional privileges of American citizenship. The Supreme Court passed a judgment upon these sophistries. It swept them away like cobwebs. Decision after decision was handed down. Finally, in the case of Crowley vs. Christensen, the Court delivered an opinion, approved by every member of the judicial tribunal, and written in such definite and forceful terms that none could misunderstand its meaning. This decision declared that the retailing of alcoholic liquors is not an inherent right of citizenship, and that the restriction or entire prohibition of the liquor traffic does not infringe upon the liberty of the individual. But the crowning decisions rang out in the

court rooms of this grand old state of Indiana, when Judges Artman and Christian boldly declared that the mere licensing of such a moral ulcer as the liquor traffic is immoral, illegal and unconstitutional. And God grant that, not only from Indiana's district courts, but from America's supreme tribunal shall come the words: From henceforth, O Rum King, you are outlawed; no more shall legislatures license your villainies or protect your crimes.

III. But some may think that court decisions alone do not prove prohibition consistent with personal freedom. To them I would say,—consider the true nature of liberty, itself. What is this freedom we so fondly cherish? Is it the right to do as one pleases regardless of others' welfare? Is it the right to break law, to injure property, to destroy life? No, that is not liberty; that is license. Except a man remove beyond the confines of human habitation he may not do as he will. As long as men dwell together, so long must each regard the others' rights. What, then, is true liberty? True liberty is that sphere of action granted to the individual in the exercise of which he does not infringe upon an equal sphere of action granted to others. Apply this principle to the saloon. True, we are told the law cannot say what a man shall drink if no one is harmed thereby. But the fact is the saloon does harm some one. It seizes the laborer in its greedy clutch and filches his toil-bought gold. It crowds the vacant corridors of poorhouses, prisons, and asylums. It touches pure hearts with its polluted finger, and behold blighted souls. It blows its poisoned breath upon innocent womanhood, and behold dead hopes and ruined hearts. Sin and sorrow follow in its wake. Death and destruction marshal their cohorts upon its track. Then do we infringe upon personal liberty by the prohibition of such a monster? The government infringes upon no constitutional rights when it compels the owner of a powder mill to conduct his business apart from other buildings; the public safety demands it. The law deprives no man of personal liberty when it prohibits public lotteries; the public morality demands it. The health officer tramples upon no individual freedom when he

tacks the smallpox placard upon the disease-infected home; the public health demands it. Then who dares to affirm that the prohibition of the liquor business infringes upon personal liberty? For the liquor traffic is a hundred fold more corrupting than a lottery, a thousand times more deadly than the smallpox, and ten-thousand times more dangerous than all the powder mills in America.

IV. We have seen the rightful place of the saloon before the law. We have tested its false claims by the true principles of personal freedom. One more step remains. Call forth the witnesses. Let us summon before us those countless thousands who have felt this demon's baleful hand. Go first to the poorhouse. Bring forth the paupers drink has made. They will not be hard to find. For one out of any four of these unfortunates owes his condition to the saloon. Open the iron-bound doors of the asylums. Lead forth those wild-eyed wrecks of humanity placed there for public safety. One out of every four of these, also, comes to witness before us tonight. Summon the patrons of the saloon. They also witness to the slavery of their taskmaster. Unbar the jails, the prisons and the penitentiaries. Lead forth the murderers and anarchists and criminals of every kind. One out of every three stands before us to declare: the liquor traffic made me what I am; it took my liberty; it stained by hands with human blood. Some there are whom I could summon that cannot appear. For Death has claimed them. But if I could call back the departed spirits of George C. Haddock of Iowa, and Senator Carmack of Tennessee, those martyrs for the cause of righteousness would stand here to say: The liquor traffic aimed the weapon that took my life. Is not this evidence enough? See this vast array of witnesses who tell of the saloon power's thraldom and crime. Does it look as if the monster is a defender of liberty? Is it likely that the creator of criminals would defend the loftiest principles of our body politic? No, a thousand times no. When its own votaries declare it to be a slaveholder, when ten-thousand witnesses proclaim it an anarchist, and when the departed dead brand it a

defiant murderer, it is time for the jury of American public opinion to pronounce the verdict that this thing shall die.

V. But still the liquor dealer makes his hollow brazen appeal. Still he blasphemes the sacred cause for which our forefathers shed their blood. I have seen the sacred words of Holy Writ flaunted across the pages of a liquor dealer's paper. I have seen the name of Frances Willard gracing the arguments of a liquor dealer's plea. Aye, I have seen the actions of the Saviour of mankind interpreted as hostile to prohibition. And when I hear the liquor men boast of love for liberty, as they did but recently in Chicago, when I read of their so-called organizations of freedom, like the Personal Liberty League of Southern Illinois, when I face these facts, I am led to exclaim as did Madame Roland, going to her execution, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

VI. Friends of true liberty, we must still fight the defenders of false freedom. Every atom of energy—every power that we possess must be spent for the conflict. At the battle of Trafalgar, when the sea powers of France and England were marshalled against each other, Lord Nelson issued this famous proclamation, "England expects every man do to his duty." Today the defenders of true and false liberty are drawn up in battle array. Hear the command of your leader, O friend of prohibition: the King of Heaven expects every man to do his duty. Strike for the land you love. Strike for the untarnished name of American manhood. Strike for the unsullied purity of American womanhood. Strike for the sacred altars of the American home. Strike for the true liberty that was wrought in the battle of stains of Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill. In the name of Almighty God, strike till the Rum King turns white with fear; till his cringing henchmen flee. Strike till the liquor traffic falls and dies. And throughout the land there shall be no more a drunkard and no more a legalized saloon. Then, in the light of a larger liberty, freed from the galling bondage of the tyrannical slaveholder of the ages, we shall write in letters of living light: America is free—America is free!

Charles Scroggin Pierce.

Final honors in the great national oratorical contest of 1908, held at Memorial Hall, Columbus, Ohio, were won by the orator from the South—Mr. Charles S. Pierce, representing the Central Interstate section and the state of Texas.

Mr. Pierce is a native of the state for which he won national honors, having spent his boyhood there on a farm. His early education consisted of winters in the rural school until he was eighteen years old, when he entered East Texas Baptist Institute at Rusk. Here he spent two and one-half years. At this school he first took an interest in speaking and won his first prize, the Smith medal.

After teaching country school two years he registered at Howard Payne College, where he graduated in the spring of 1907, and in the following fall entered Baylor University, at Waco, where he gets his A. B. degree in the spring of 1909.

Charles S. Pierce, during his preparatory, college and university days, never lost an oratorical contest, and he entered many of them. At Howard Payne in 1906 he won the Dr. W. B. McFarland Medal over six competitors. In the spring of 1907 he spoke for the college in the West Texas Oratorical Association. The same year he represented the League in the Texas State Intercollegiate Prohibition Contest at Greenville, winning first honors and a cash prize of $60.00 over eight speakers, some of them coming from schools of higher rank. This was the first time that Texas sent a representative to the Central Interstate, held that year at Wichita, Kansas, and its advent was marked by a decisive victory for the newly admitted state. With the same oration Mr. Pierce spoke in the National a year later, winning first place and the prize of $100.00.

The 1908 National occurred on the night previous to the National Convention of the Prohibition Party and was

CHARLES SCROGGIN PIERCE,
Highest Honors, National of 1908.

attended largely by delegates to that convention. It was exceedingly enthusiastic from start to finish, the orators being interrupted by applause often prolonged or accompanied by yells, exactly one hundred times. Mr. Pierce handled this vast audience with absolute control and self-possession. But his strongest point was in thought, where he won first rank; in delivery he tied with Mr. Pennington, who was awarded second honors. So winning was his oration that he was selected, next day, by the Texas state delegation to place in nomination, before the national convention, the name of their candidate for President of the United States. The speech he made in this position, so trying to a young man, was worthy of the Intercollegiate honors he had won in the contest.

For three years Pierce was an active worker in the student prohibition movement of Texas, being one of the first to join when it was launched in Howard Payne, and serving as State Secretary in 1907-8. He is thoroughly interested in prohibition both as a member of the Prohibition party and locally for his own state.

During his college days he has preached almost continuously, in fact making his way through school by so doing. His pastorates have been marked by fine success and he has bright prospects as a preacher. From this vantage point he expects to make his life count for the banishment of the liquor traffic.

The Price of Victory

By Charles S. Pierce,
Howard Payne, '07; Baylor, '09.

First Honors, National Contest of 1908.
Central Interstate Orator for 1907.

(This oration won first in thought and composition and tied for first in delivery.)

I.

Every victory must be bought. This is the invariable rule in the market-place of the world's affairs. Every achievement of the past has been purchased with its price. None of the great movements that have swept the world God-ward, have succeeded until their advocates paid the price of victory. And God has put a high price upon things of great worth and the same price to all men and to all ages. He knows no discounts. He holds no bargain sales. Every age has paid in full for its progress. Great principles do not mold the world's thought and character while they lie in God's storehouse. They must become living fire in the hearts of their advocates. "Truth is truest when burning."

For four centuries no Spartan ever left a battlefield unless he carried home his shield victorious, or was carried away dead upon it. He paid the price of military glory, and got it.

Christianity conquered the Roman world because it was not afraid of the price. In the beginning it was the religion of twelve Jewish fishermen; within three centuries it had attained the throne of the Cæsars; its symbol, the cross, was carried above the eagles at the head of the army, and its followers constituted the most active, virile, and powerful organization in the civilized world.

Switzerland is free, but the story of her struggles is only the old story of liberty bought with a price. From the mythical days of William Tell until the immortal victories at Margarten Pass and Sempach, the Swiss laid

themselves on the altar of their country's liberty. At Sempach, when all other means had failed to break the dense line of Austrian spears, Arnold von Winkelried gathered as many into his bosom as his long arms could reach, and bearing them to the ground, cried out to his comrades: "I give myself to make a way for you."

Science is now free to express her thoughts because her advocates in the past sat in stocks and lay in prisons. Socrates taught his last lesson in prison and drank the fatal poison; Locke wrote his immortal teachings as an exile in a Dutch garret. Roger Bacon was compelled to hide away in manuscripts his more advanced ideas; notwithstanding this, he spent fourteen years in prison, because he was too great for the light of his day. Galileo, old, blind, and forsaken! What great thoughts must have kept him company through the long months in prison! Thomas More died for opinion's sake, that coming generations might live in his land of Utopia where opinion is free. The prison and the stake of the past have paid for the freedom of the present. Thus,

"At the cost of life new truths are taught;
Hate kills the thinker but it can not kill the thought."

While the student of affairs watches freedom of conscience, a century old in America, now winning the last foothold of its enemy in the English Parliament, the French Chamber, and the Spanish Cortez, let him not forget that this present broad daylight of free conscience was preceded by a long night of religious conformity, lighted only by fagot fires. The veriest novice in the philosophy of history is aware that without the shedding of blood there is no freedom. We follow the lead of our consciences to-day without pay or penalty, because the men of other days from John Huss to Roger Williams, followed theirs at the price of their lives. Religious persecution scattered the ashes of Wyclif on the Severn, Jerome on the Danube, and Savanarola on the Arno, but its own lifeless body rests beneath an ocean of infamy.

There is no worth without work, there is no success without preparation, there is no victory without its price. History is eloquent with this law, it is written all over the life of man and of movements; and

the sooner the enemies of the liquor traffic comprehend its workings and gird themselves to go into the field and pay the full price of victory, the sooner will the clock of man's progress strike the hour of another epoch in the world's approach toward God.

I have assumed that the destruction of the liquor trade will be a step forward, that this victory is attainable, and that in the not distant future. These three propositions many confess with their lips, and many more believe in their hearts.

II.

And what is this victory over the liquor traffic? Not local option, a system by which the larger political unit notifies the lesser one that it is to have the legal, political and moral right to do wrong if it so choose. No clear-headed, comprehending citizen takes local option to be the "Promised Land," but only that Haran wherein we, Abraham-like, tarry till our father, Terah, die.

Nor that other hypocritical fallacy called high license, wherein the government, taking a share of the profits, presumes to respectableize, legalize, civilize, and tame the thing, permitting it to look up into our faces and grunt, "I am your offspring." It is a lie. The thing is none of our blood. Man is from God; this thing is from the pit, "half louse and half devil." It is only here on sufferance and must be killed. I am not discussing the making of a truce, or the compensation in a compromise, but the price of a victory, thorough, terrible to the vanquished and eternal. Such a victory can never be until the constitutions, state and federal, and the statutes throughout our land shall point the finger of scorn at the thing, and hiss it from the land as an outlaw and a curse. It can never be until the offices of our land, county, state and national, shall be in the possession of a political party, whose palm has not itched for liquor votes, whose fingers have handled no campaign funds from the saloonkeeper's till, whose knees have not bent and whose tongue has not palavered for the liquor dealer's influence on election day—a political party that owes the liquor business nothing but eternal enmity, and stands ready to discharge the debt. This and no less, is our victory—

the total and final separation of the government from the liquor trade, and more, the relentless hostility of the government toward the liquor traffic.

III.

There are those who sit aside in a corner and wonder when the final attack is to be made on the liquor forces. Let them awake and come upon the towers, and see that the fight is now on to the finish. The Prohibitionists are on the firing line. They have said in their hearts: "As for tariff and expansion, and government ownership and gold, I know not, but this I do know, that the liquor traffic ought to die." And they stand ready to give and to take blow for blow. They are not conscripts, they volunteered; they are not mercenaries, they joined for the cause's sake; they are not thirty-day men, they counted the cost and enlisted for life. Many shall fall like Dow, and Gough, and Finch, and Frances Willard with their faces to the foe and with the dew and rust of glory on their unsheathed swords, but no true Prohibitionist will ever come home from the field, or call for a furlough, or a truce, or rest, or peace till the victory is won. If you but look through the smoke of battle you can see the enemy on the retreat. Once he held the trench of respectability, the trench of morality, and the trench of usefulness. To-day he holds none of these; he has but one line of defense left, his political power, and this is being viciously assaulted.

IV.

When shall we win? It may be said that public sentiment is not yet ready for a Prohibition law and a Prohibition party. Well and good! There can be no reasonable objection urged against the effort to make public sentiment ready. Does any one fear that a party which must contend for every foot of its ground will come into power before public sentiment is ready? The Prohibitionist is not striving that his plea become law before his country is ready, but that the country may be made ready. And day by day the steady undertow of the truth swings the country farther and farther toward Prohibition. There is no rush of waters, no swish of the currents, no foam,

no gale; just the slow move of the mighty waters, regular, continuous, sure.

V.

And there is no abatement in the call for men. From the front comes the cry for more soldiers. The "Old Guard" are falling one by one, they have saluted the flag for the last time, they rest in the trenches, their weapons wait for younger hands. Even the sword of the Lord has a human hilt. Take it up and go forward. Its very steel will give strength to the arm. The world's battles are not all won. The days of faith and courage and the times that try men's souls are not all past. God hath not let us fall on insipid days, when the clear call to a higher duty does not fall on human ears. God is not idle! God is not dead! Put your ear down close to His earth, and hear the tramp of thousands of feet as the young men of America march to their places in the ranks. Sometimes we see no friendly face, we seem to be lone skirmishers on a far-flung battle-line, but our comrades are there in the smoke and heat and dust. Sometimes we can not see even our Great Commander's face; the very smoke of victory may hide Him, but He is there. He stands within the shadow and His reward is with Him. He has the victory in His hands but He will not give it to the half-hearted. It is ours for the price—the full, unstinted and complete price of victory.

LEVI T. PENNINGTON,

Second Honors, National of 1908.

Levi T. Pennington.

Casting his first vote for prohibition in a county where he was the only one who voted that way, and speaking and writing for the cause at odd times previous to his college days, Mr. Levi T. Pennington entered the contests and won his national honors because his heart and hand were both deeply in sympathy with his voice and pen.

The record of his pre-college days is one of hard work and earnest struggle for advancement. Mr. Pennington is a native of Indiana, born at Amo, August 29, 1875. His common school education was in the district schools of the frontier section of northern Michigan. Working his own way through he graduated successively from High Schools of Manton and Traverse City. Later he carried on correspondence work with Earlham College, the University of Chicago and Armour Institute of Sacred Literature.

During this time he was engaged in teaching school and in newspaper work, advancing, in the latter, from street man to news editorship. In 1904 the decision to enter the ministry was made and after spending two years in active service he entered Earlham College, from which he received his degree in 1910.

With great physical resources and a most genial nature Pennington was enabled to carry on a tremendous amount of work, and get much of the all-round student life at the same time. One year, with but four days per week available for study, he made more credits than any other man in school and only once did he receive a grade lower than A. He wrote for the "Earlhamite," worked in the Y. M. C. A., won honors in field athletics raising the college records, and preached to a large congregation as pastor in the Friend's church. Besides this he was a constant prohibition worker, having made speeches for the cause since he was eighteen years of age, and is

a writer for the magazines, chiefly in fiction, dealing with our-door life, fishing, football, and the lumber woods.

The prohibition contests of the spring of 1908 were the first contests he ever entered. His successes followed each other without break through the local try out, the Indiana state, the Eastern Interstate at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and then second place in the great National at Columbus, Ohio, July 14.

In his Senior year Mr. Pennington served twice on the debating team with other colleges, addressed the State Prohibition Convention, was nominated for Congress, made several high school commencement addresses, won the Haverford Scholarship, annually awarded by Earlham and worth $400, and, at the same time won first place in the (regular) Indiana State Oratorical Contest and in the Interstate Oratorical Association.

His life work is that of the ministry combined with educational work. He regards it as a chief life-purpose to be prominent in the fight to kill the saloon, the brewery and the distillery, and not merely to cripple them.

The New Patriotism.

By Levi T. Pennington,
Earlham College, '10.

Second Honors, National Contest of 1908.
Eastern Interstate Orator for 1908.

The constitution of the United States was framed "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." This is the ideal that we have set for ourselves, and by which we judge an institution. This is the standard by which we are now measuring the American saloon.

All seem to admit that the saloon is an evil institution. No worthy voice is ever raised in its defense. That it is our country's enemy is evident to any one who in the most casual way observes its work among us. Worse than foreign invasion, more deadly than civil strife, more despicable than treason, because combining the worst of all these three, the saloon has carried on its work of destruction.

It attacks first the individual, the very foundation of all national power. It makes havoc of this, the Creator's best work, blighting the memory, weakening the will, paralyzing the sense of duty, searing the conscience.

Not stopping with the individual, the saloon carries its warfare into the home. The father is corrupted, his manhood overthrown, his fidelity destroyed. The mother has her hopes blighted, her happiness stolen, her heart broken. The children are robbed of their birthright, poisoned before their birth, foredoomed to disease; fortunate if they but enter the world with a cry of protest, wail out a few brief days and sob their little lives away.

The saloon is absolutely antagonistic to the school. While the noble army of teachers are instilling into the minds of the young the highest ideals of lofty endeavor and exalted patriotism, the saloon is conducting its great

rival school of vice and crime. While our boys and girls are learning to despise the treason of Arnold, would that they might learn to hate that worse than traitor, the saloon. There is not, in all its bloody history, the record of a single worthy act. It has always been on the side of the enemy, and leading the assault.

The saloon attacks the state. Not only does it undermine the character of the individual citizen, but it corrupts politics, controls elections, "stuffs" ballot-boxes, falsifies returns, and with a high hand sweeps down its enemies and exalts its friends. Wherever there is electoral corruption, look to the saloon for the center of it. Wherever lynching sets at defiance the law of the land, look for its explanation in a drunken fiend hunted down by a drunken mob. The saloon is responsible for both crimes. At every point the saloon attacks the state. At every point its interests are antagonistic to the public interests. Both cannot survive. One must eventually be destroyed.

The church itself, that institution which furnishes always the state's best guarantee of permanence, is not free from the attacks of this enemy. He lays his polluted hand upon the altar of the Most High. He insolently demands that the messengers of the Almighty leave him at peace, to carry on his work of destruction unhindered And while the church is trying to make men god-like, and lift them heavenward, the saloon snatches them from the very horns of the altar, and drags them to destruction.

Thus does this institution dethrone justice, destroy domestic tranquility, overthrow the common defense, and bring into bondage those to whom the constitution guarantees liberty. These attacks upon our most sacred institutions are so familiar to us that we have almost ceased to recognize them. Shall they continue? Shall we suffer this enemy to buy us off with a few paltry dollars of license fee, and permit him to carry on, unchecked, his deadly warfare against all that America holds dear?

We shall have taken a long step toward the solution of this question when we have recognized it as a political problem. It might be fortunate if we could get the saloon

into the realm of philosophy or religion or science; but the saloon is in politics, intrenched in protecting laws, and into the political arena we must go if we expect ever to meet and overcome it.

For this question various attempts at solution have been offered. There was a time when it was not considered a serious problem. That time has gone forever, and the widespread interest in the question of the saloon is the harbinger of the complete destruction of the institution.

In other realms we have grown wiser than to treat merely the symptoms of disease. If there were an epidemic of typhoid fever in this city the authorities would not devote all their energies to hospital treatment, but would seek to find the cause of the disease and to destroy the source of contagion, to stop the flow of typhoid germs through the sewer into the water supply. But in dealing with the saloon, we have been less wise. We have sought to alleviate the symptoms of our social diseases, while permitting the sewer that poisons the fountains of our national life to continue pouring in its tide. We seek to alleviate poverty, while we provide that the producers of our wealth may have the opportunity to spend a billion dollars annually over the licensed bar. We establish homes for the feeble-minded, while the children of drunken parents continue to fill them. We care for the lunatics, but allow the indulgence in the use of intoxicants to destroy the best minds the land possesses. We seek to prevent crime, while liquor incites to arson, robbery, incest, murder.

In the past, when the cause of the social disease from which we suffer has been recognized, how have we dealt with it? We shorten the hours that the saloon may legally do business,—in other words we will not let the sewer pour in its poison between the hours of 11 p. m. and 6 a. m., but it discharges all the surplus during the other seventeen hours. We have laws against selling liquor to minors—as if alcohol ceased to be a poison when a man reached his majority. We provide local option, as if drunkenness were only a local curse. We give the privilege of remonstrance—and expect a man to jeopardize his business and endanger his life to support it.

Is it not time that we awake to our folly? Surely this institution has existed long enough. It is time to stop the mouth of this poison-bearing sewer, and to cleanse the old political and social cess-pools. There is but one reasonable way to deal with the saloon. It should be forever outlawed.

This is a stupendous task, one worthy the efforts of our bravest and our best. It is an issue that affects billions of treasure and millions of lives. The magnitude of it staggers paltry minds. We must have men of dauntless courage and with eyes that see afar. And shall we not find them? Our fathers resisted their country's enemies to blood and death. Are there no more patriots, no worthy sons of the heroes of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge? Where are the children of the men who stormed Mission Ridge with Grant, or Marched down with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea? Where are the sons of those heroes who died in Libby and loathsome Andersonville that their country might survive? There is a call to arms, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific it is being heard. It is a call to higher patriotosm than that of our revolutionary sires, to deeper devotion than fired the hearts of our fathers who died at Shiloh and the wilderness, to more bitter conflicts but to grander victories than Antietam and Gettysburg. The warfare to which our country calls to-day is one in which the ability of Washington, the devotion of Lincoln and the persistency of Grant must be united with the strength of Garrison, the faith of Whittier, the courage of Phillips.

And the recruits are coming. Never before was such terror in the hearts of our country's foes. Georgia's battle-field has been swept by the forces of our allies. Oklahoma, Alabama and Mississippi have joined the victorious ranks. And everywhere, leading on the forces, is that band of patriots who have set their faces like flint against the saloon, and will not rest till the institution is forever destroyed.

In one of Napoleon's battles his forces were being cut to pieces and he ordered his drummer boy to beat a retreat. "Sire," said the lad, "I do not know how to beat a retreat, but I can beat a charge. Sire, I can beat a

charge that will raise the dead!" He beat the charge, the Flower of France responded, and the victory was won. The Prohibitionists do not know how to beat a retreat. But they are beating the charge. Everywhere you can hear the long roll. Oh, patriots of America, fall in! Fall in!

Archie L. Ryan.

Archie L. Ryan, the winner of the Second National Contest, 1906, is from the prohibition state of Kansas, where experience and education both taught him the value of "Prohibition as a Civic Necessity," the topic upon which he wrote and spoke so successfully.

He graduated from Baker University, at Baldwin, Kansas, June, 1906. Baker already had quite a reputation for oratory, having won fourteen out of seventeen intercollegiate debates and seven out of fifteen state oratorical contests; then Mr. Ryan entered the prohibition series of intercollegiate oratorical meets and won for it and his state the highest student oratorical honors of the country within a few days after receiving his diploma.

Mr. Ryan began his oratorical career during his Junior year by taking third place in the Baker faculty prize contest, in which there were eleven entries. The next fall he came up one step, receiving second out of thirteen contestants in the local, the winner of which represented Baker in the regular Kansas State Contest. About the same time he delivered a chapel oration on "Prohibition, A Civic Necessity," which became the basis of his later winning oration upon that topic.

Taking up the prohibition subject, he threw his whole soul as well as his previous oratorical experience into it and went in to win. First, victory came in the Local League contest in March, 1906, in which there were eight entries. In April he entered the State Contest at Holton, Kansas, receiving three firsts on thought and composition and two firsts on delivery. The next step was equally noteworthy, three firsts and two seconds at the Central Interstate at Winnebago, Minn., to which six states sent their best student speakers.

The National Contest of the Association in 1906 was held at Minneapolis, Minn., June 22, in the University of Minnesota Armory. Six orators represented East,

ARCHIE L. RYAN,
Highest Honors, National of 1906.

Central and Western Interstate Sections. Here it was again Mr. Ryan's all-around good delivery, but with his leading strength upon thought and composition, that gave him his high position. The contest was very close, four orators receiving one first each and only one as many as two firsts.

Mr. Ryan became a worker in the Prohibition League at Baker in 1904 and served as its president, bringing it right to the front as a student enterprise. He has been a prominent Y. M. C. A. worker, serving in many important positions and was twice sent to the Lake Geneva Summer Conference. During his student days he was an all-around college man, a lover of athletics, a leader in social and religious circles and prominent in literary and scholastic attainments and a member of the Athenian Literary Society and Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

For one year Mr. Ryan served his Alma Mater as General Secretary in the Young Men's Christian Association, then went out as Field Secretary for the University. His life work is that of the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

With his early days spent in Kansas and with a wider experience in other states, Mr. Ryan is more than ever convinced that "the only solution of the saloon problem is no saloon." He is convinced that the ministry especially should be outspoken and decisive in its leadership in this reform.

Prohibition a Civic Necessity.

By Archie L. Ryan,
Baker University, '06.

First Honors National Contest of 1906.
Central Interstate Orator for 1906.

(This oration was graded first in thought and composition and second in delivery at the National Contest.)

"Nations perish because their foundations crumble." This is the verdict of philosophers and historians throughout the ages. Fate is not the power that determines the destiny of a commonwealth. Immutable laws of justice govern nations as well as individuals; and the admonitions of history constitute a call for obedience to these underlying principles. Civic righteousness, untrammelled and undefiled, is the only safeguard against national disintegration.

The basis of democratic government is the will of the people; consequently, civic virtue is the more essential to our national progress. The one impregnable fortress of civic reputation should be a pure and undefiled citizenship. Yet our nation has unfurled the starry banner over an institution that is sapping its vitality and that is corrupting the morals of its citizens. Americans boast of the "land of the free," yet they are slaves to a traffic which controls more money, produces more poverty, causes more crime, and blights more lives than any other evil with which human progress contends. Under such conditions, the foundation of this republic is not free from decaying influences. The liquor traffic is indeed a menace to our civilization and the trumpet call of the hour demands attention to the realities of the situation and stringent action against this foe to the vital interests of our state and nation.

The general use of alcoholic liquors is a serious danger to public health. Because of the delusive effects of alcohol upon the human system, it is used for the most

contradictory conditions—heat and cold, strength and weakness, health and disease. But the apparent life and vigor it infuses are but the fraudulent means of concealing its depressing effects. It deadens the sensibilities and ruins the intellect. It defrauds a man of his vitality and eventually produces the most deadly diseases. It loosens family ties, produces forgetfulness of all social duties, and is the most potent cause of misery, vice, and crime. These baneful effects are likewise visited upon posterity. Investigation shows that of the offspring of non-drinkers 82 per cent are sound, while of those of inebriates only 17 per cent are healthy. Surely this nation cannot remain indifferent to this treacherous demon which is corrupting the youth, contaminating the home, endangering the public health and impoverishing the nation's strength even to the verge of destruction.

This direful curse retards the production of wealth. It decreases producing capacity and throws upon the public the burden of poverty, inefficiency, vice and its punishment. It violates the fundamental principles of commerce—supply and demand. Instead of feeding the natural wants it aggravates the abnormal desires of man and subjects him to the havoc of crime and degeneration. Thus he becomes a minus factor in the economic welfare of society. The argument is advanced that it lies with the individual to control his passions and thus preserve his strength and equilibrium. But what shall be done with the thousands who are slaves to the appetite, struggling to be free, yet tempted every day by the presence around the corner, of the inviting saloon? No, it is not merely the appetite towards which efforts must be directed. It is the nefarious traffic itself at which the telling blows must be struck. By reason of the vast pecuniary interests involved it has lost all regard for the higher virtues which elevate society; and every opportunity is used to tempt the weak and rob the laborer of his meager earnings.

The liquor traffic makes the plea of being a great manufacturing and business enterprise and thus a benefactor to the country, while in reality it is the arch-enemy of economic, social, and moral interests. It does not pro-

mote but hinders civic welfare. It robs of their hard-earned wages the very ones upon whom the welfare of the nation rests—the common people. When a laborer spends his money for drink he receives no adequate returns. On the contrary, his family is made wretched, the man himself is impoverished physically, intellectually, and morally, his position is imperiled, and his money, wasted. Where is the economic justification for the maintenance of such a national peril? It cannot be said that this government is enriched by such a death-dealing traffic. The statistics of 1900 reveal these startling facts: The actual cost of the nation's liquor business, direct and indirect, reached the enormous sum of $2,805,000.00. The revenue from the traffic for the same year amounted to $170,000,000 or less than one dollar for every sixteen dollars of the cost. This is the kind of economy for which the license parties stand. It is the height of financial folly and business stupidity to uphold such an enterprise. All the gain that can be shown on account of this vast expenditure is evident only in crime, disease, and death. Is this the truth? Listen to the answer coming from that sage of all time, King Solomon of Judea, as it echoes and re-echoes through the corridors of thirty centuries: "The drunkard shall come to poverty." Hear it from the thousands of men, women and children, roaming the streets of the big cities to-night, out of work, penniless, homeless, hungry, living lives of lust and sin. Would you know the reason for this degradation? From afar and near comes the reply in tones of anguish: drink caused it all. When will America awake from her lethargy and open her eyes to the existence of this awful curse which seeks to destroy the very foundations of her welfare and prosperity?

The sale of alcoholic liquors is either for or against the social welfare and upon this proposition it must stand or fall. It has been shown to be inherently evil, in that it is injurious to the health, wealth, and morals of society, that it strikes at the very basis of civic welfare, and therefore has no valid reason for existence. Legal sanction only adds to the complexity of the problem. It is a principle of representative government that whatever a state

or an individual does through the agency of another holds the doer responsible legally, logically, and morally. When the state, for a sum of money, licenses and permits the sale of liquor, it becomes an active partner to the business. It sells its God-given birthright of civic purity, and the citizen who votes to support the system compromises his manhood. Behold the greatest paradox of the age! No sane man will uphold the traffic from a standpoint of ethics. Yet, cursed of God and man, it lives! Yea, prospers and rules! Having purchased for a mess of pottage its right to exist, it subsidizes the press, intimidates politicians, dominates political parties, controls electons, disregards the laws, outrages all decency, and defies interference.

But what shall be done and how shall it be accomplished? The liquor traffic is a criminal and should be dealt with accordingly. The best interests of American citizens demand its abolition. There can be no compromise. He who would regulate this evil should first try to regulate Mt. Sinai. The traffic has no constitutional defense. No man has an inherent right to sell intoxicants, is the decision of the Supreme Court. Then the only logical and complete solution of the problem is national and absolute prohibition. This is the only remedy assuring permanent results. It strikes at the very root of the evil, by not only condemning the retail business, but by placing the manufacturing, distilling and importation of liquors forever under the ban of law.

Where is the power that shall make this final victory possible? American citizens, it lies with you—you, who cherish the right and despise the wrong—you, who love the flag of liberty and justice and would die to sustain its honor. The responsibility cannot be evaded. The supreme need of the hour is men—men of conviction and courage—men who will live and die for principle, "men who have honor—men who will not lie; MEN—high-minded MEN." Shall we heed the call? Shall we rise to the God-given opportunity and purge our fair land of this vile traffic which is polluting the home and undermining civilization? Or shall we compromise conscience, and be led aside from the duty by the flatteries

of demagogues, the lust of office, or the greed for gain? No; through the rifted clouds of sin and corruption is seen a star of hope. Public sentiment is growing. From the halls of learning is pouring forth an army of leaders filled with the spirit of patriotism and reform. The honor of American citizenship will respond to the appeal for righteous action. Under God the glorious victory is assured. The dream of the age approaches realization. The forces of evil cannot endure. This deadly traffic must succumb. Civic righteousness will prevail.

ELWOOD STANLEY MINCHIN,
Second Honors, National of 1906.

Elwood Stanley Minchin.

Elwood Stanley Minchin is a representative of the great Pacific West and as a student orator typical of its aggressive advancement and enthusiasm. In his early childhood he was taken to Oregon, grew up among her valleys and wooded mountains and received his schooling in the restricted but growing country schools of that state.

In 1901 he entered Pacific College at Newberg, Oregon. With his first year his oratorical ambitions began to find expression. In the Freshman oratoricals he won first place over nine speakers and also first in the college contest over six. It was this same year that Mr. Minchin won the regular Oregon State Contest into which eight colleges entered and was awarded a $30 gold medal; in the regular Interstate of the Northwest at Walla Walla, Washington, he came out second best. He also entered several college debates and was beaten but once.

The next year his work in the prohibition contests began. Representing Pacific College in the Oregon State Contest he came out first over six competitors and was awarded a $100 cash prize. As State Representative he went to Lincoln, Nebraska, in June and secured fourth place out of ten states in the great contest of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association there in 1902.

During the summer Mr. Minchin, as a member of Prof. Kelsey's campaign team, was engaged in field work for the Prohibition party in Union County, Oregon. He served a year as President of the Oregon State Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. Remaining out of college for two years, he spent a season in Alaska and traveled on the coast as a commercial man. In 1905 he entered Whittier College in Southern California and immediately entered upon another oratorical and debating career.

Representing Whittier in the Southern California State Prohibition Contest in 1906, he won first with a grade of

four one hundreds. With five contestants in the Western Interstate that year from Texas, California, Oregon and Washington, he secured the remarkable honors of six firsts, every judge, on both thought and delivery, giving him that rank.

In the national contest at Minneapolis, with the Interstate Orators of two years entering, Mr. Minchin was awarded second place and a cash prize of $50, here again his oration standing high all around, being given second on thought and third on delivery.

Mr. Minchin graduated from Whittier College in 1907. He has made the prohibition cause his life purpose and expects to enter some branch of that work. He was a leader in the college prohibition movement in both Oregon and California, serving as State President of the Southern California Asociation in 1906-1907. Immediately after finishing college he was engaged for a time with the Meneley Lyceum Bureau, which makes the prohibition cause its chief work.

The Triumph of Principle.

By Elwood Stanley Minchin,
Whittier College, '07.

Second Honors National Contest of 1906.
Western Interstate Orator of 1906.

(Marked second in thought and composition and third in delivery at the National; awarded six firsts at the Western Interstate, every judge giving it that place.)

In a reform movement there are always two methods of action that struggle for dominance. The one is based upon expediency, the other upon principle. All the reforms of the past have circled long in the by-paths of compromise before they have reached the high ground of perfect truth and righteousness. Thus the most difficult task in a reform movement is to get men to take the step upward from expediency to righteousness, from compromise to principle. The compromiser is always popular and easily catches the public ear. To the average man, a parley is better than a battle, even when a moral issue is at stake. Hence the sequence of compromise: An expedient is embodied in law, precedent becomes oracle to the public conscience, and new occasions can but very slowly "teach new duties."

Compromise is but a temporary makeshift, which postpones, but cannot avoid, the final battle. When the Missouri Compromise was passed in 1820, the greatest statesmen in this country declared that the slavery question had been settled. Again, after Clay's great compromise of 1850, they said that at last a final solution had been reached. But not so. A great principle was marshaling its forces. The South saw the onward march of that principle, and took refuge in secession. It was too late. The truth of all the ages now rang out clear and strong. It woke the echoes on the plains of Bull Run; it roared from Grant's guns on the heights of Vicksburg; it thundered along the crest of Missionary Ridge; Sheridan sounded the cry in the valley of the Shenandoah, and

Sherman told it from Atlanta to the sea. It was the old truth told over again, sealed in the tears and blood of a nation. Compromise cannot settle a moral question—a righteous principle must triumph.

In the battle against the saloons, expediency has taken the form of the license compromise. Let us examine this system. The Supreme Court of the United States has declared that no citizen has the inherent right to sell intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes. The Supreme Word of God says: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." Yet we know that under our license system the saloon is made legal. It has as much protection under our flag as the school, the church or the home. During a recent political campaign politicians argued that bad money could be made good by law. It takes no forensic eloquence to prove that a bad saloon cannot be made good by law. Sin is sin, even when protected by the laws of a Christian nation.

From the treacherous shoal waters of compromise the true reformer heads straight away toward the great haven of truth and righteousness. What the pole star is to the mariner, principle is to the reformer. The old sea captain charts the shifting shoals, calculates the changing of wind and wave and tide, and then takes the helm with a clear eye for the star of the Northland, that never changes. The true reformer realizes public sentiment and changing conditions in society, but steers his course true to the eternal verities of God. He does not forget conditions, but in looking at conditions he does not lose sight of his pole-star.

As the centuries pass, ideas and conditions change, but the principles of right and wrong remain the same forever. Principle is the embodiment of eternal truth, established by the laws of God. Principle in a man's heart holds him true to his convictions; it fearlessly exposes falsehood, sham, and unrighteousness; it has the courage to stand for truth and to proclaim it from the housetops. For strength and grandeur it is like the giant oak, which holds firm amidst the fiercest tempests. For unwavering fidelity to its mission it is like the great ship, for principle stems the tides of persecution and outrides

the storms that compromise dares not face. For untiring perseverance it is like the little coral, building slowly upward, toiling in the darkness, through years of seemingly useless effort, until at last it lifts its head above the waves, defies the opposing tempests, and gives safe refuge to ship-wrecked mariners.

So the principle of prohibition has toiled in America for four decades. The tides of compromise sentiment and partisan policy have surged madly against it, but in vain. Slowly it has built on and up, until here and there in our land it offers a safe refuge to the victims of alcohol, shipwrecked and tempest tossed.

The truth of the prohibition principle is almost axiomatic. It would be taken for granted, had we not become accustomed to the license fallacy. The same considerations that have argued against tyranny and injustice, through all the past, argue against license and for prohibition. The despotism of King George was unjust; the traffic in black men was a curse upon humanity; but the license system is all of this and more. It is unmerciful, unjust, a curse upon humanity, a mockery of Christian civilization, and a sin against Almighty God.

When we look out over our beautiful land and see the saloon flourishing, under the protection of the American flag, flaunting its vices in the path of childhood, engulfing young manhood, breathing its blasting breath upon the fair flower of womanhood, making a mock and by-word of the church, and sending one hundred thousand men to a drunkard's hell every year, we wonder why Christian citizenship does not rise in its might and with one blow crush the power of the liquor traffic forever. Why does it live on? Why does it grow bolder year after year? Because, to the average man, compromise is easier than non-compromise. To the so-called practical man, expediency is the wiser course, because it is the easier to follow. Two thousand years ago the practical men joined in the cry for Christ to come down from the cross and win a momentary victory. Such men would have humanity avoid every Calvary and live only for the present. Listening to the voice of expediency, fearing social ostracism or business boycott, mil-

lions of American citizens, who would not flinch before a storm of shot and shell upon the battlefield, refuse to march into the arena and meet the forces of King Alcohol in a fight to the death.

But a great change is taking place in public sentiment to-day. The signs of the times tell us that in the battle against the saloon the compromiser has had his day, and that the time has fully come for him to stand aside. The Christian reformer has suffered his hoots and jeers well up to historic measure. Humanity, beating time to local agitation and church resolution, is preparing to swing into line and "Forward" to the onward march of a great principle. The advance guard of the army is already here. There are banded together in one heroic God-fearing-man-loving political party, two hundred and fifty thousand patriots, who maintain that principle is better than compromise, righteousness better than expediency, and that a fight for the right is better than a truce with sin. Such men have led the reforms of the past. Such men love principle. They work for it, live for it, and, if needs be, die for it. Such men make up the rank and file of the prohibition forces to-day. Hated by many, and especially by the saloon, they march on in triumphant campaign for righteousness. Their only path is duty, their only lamp is truth, and their goal is victory.

In the anti-slavery agitation Abraham Lincoln once said: "The young men are coming, now we are going to win." And the young men are rallying to-day for the fight against this more dangerous enemy. Negro slavery was legalized in the South; the liquor traffic is legalized throughout the nation. Slavery was sectional; the saloon is universal. Slavery threatened the unity of the government; the saloon threatens the sanctity of our homes. Slavery bound men's bodies for the time; the saloon binds men body and soul, for time and for eternity. This mighty enemy confronts us to-day. It stands entrenched in two hundred and forty thousand legalized fortresses of hell. Shall we falter? Shall we turn back in dismay? No, a thousand times, no! We shall gird ourselves doubly for the fight. We, the young men of the country, shall rally; rally like the crusaders before

Jerusalem, like the minute men at Lexington, like Sheridan's men in the Shenandoah. With the spotless emblem of purity before us, with the prayers of mothers in our ears, with a drink-cursed humanity about us and a God of righteousness above us, we will buckle on the bright sword of prohibition, we shall wield it for the triumph of principle over compromise, and never sheathe it until it has flashed in triumph over the crumbled and fallen ramparts of the last legalized saloon.

Walter R. Miles.

Of pure Quaker blood for many generations back Walter R. Miles early caught the deep enthusiasm of service in behalf of his fellows for which his college and oratorical courses have prepared him.

He was born on a homestead near the village of Silverwood, N. D., March 29th, 1885. A few years later his parents removed to Scotts Mills, Oregon, where Walter received his common school education. After a year under private instruction, he entered the preparatory department of Pacific College at Newberg, Oregon, a Friends school, following this with his college course in the same place, graduating with the degree of B. S. in June, 1906.

In this vigorously-growing young college Mr. Miles took high rank as a scholar and an active place in the various student enterprises. He was one year president of his class, two years president of the Y. M. C. A., and served a year as president of the Prohibition League. He took prominent part in all sorts of oratorical and debating meets, beginning while yet a preparatory student. In 1903-1904 he entered the Prohibition oratorical contests, winning the local and state and following this with first at the Western Interstate, held that year at Corvallis, Oregon. At the National Contest at Indianapolis, Ind., June 28, 1904, Mr. Miles was royally supported by a strong delegation from his own state as well as from other states of the Pacific Coast. As an orator he completely captured his audience of over 2,500 people. It is seldom that a public speaker of wide experience finds such an opportunity and fills it so well as did this young speaker, not yet twenty years of age.

Mr. Miles finished an advanced course at Earlham College in 1908 and is now instructor in psychology at Penn college, Oskaloosa, Iowa. He is an earnest worker for the prohibition cause and deems it both a duty and a privilege to take an active part in the overthrow of the saloon.

WALTER R. MILES,
Highest Honors, National of 1904.

Sacrifice is the Victory Spirit.

By Walter R. Miles.
Pacific College, '06.

First Honors National Contest of 1904.
Western Interstate Orator for 1904.

(This oration won first honors because of its able delivery, being marked first in delivery and fifth in thought and composition.)

History smiles through her tears as she recalls the battle of Sempach. This is her picture: the Swiss and Austrian armies were drawn up in battle line. On one side was a little band of liberty-loving peasants, on the other, the veterans of a hundred conflicts. The signal for battle was given. The onset was furious. It was not accompanied by the rattle of musketry or the boom of artillery, but by the sound of steel clashing steel as men fought hand to hand, each for his life. But the Swiss were repulsed. The Austrian Hotspurs encircled them. On every side bristled long, steel lances, which ever drew nearer the center as the outer circles of Swiss melted away under their deadly thrusts. It was one of destiny's crucial moments. The fate of nations yet unborn hung upon the outcome. Suddenly out of the midst of the Swiss ranks rushed a single man, unarmed. As he sprang forward he shouted: "Comrades, I will open a way for you." With a bound he threw his body against the bristling front of the enemy and bore to earth the lances that pierced his breast. Through the breach thus made his comrades rushed from death and defeat to life and freedom.

I am not here to sound the praises of Arnold Winkelried. I seek to add no laurel to the wreath that crowns his brow. The story of his death will be told and retold down the generations. But would that the Muse of History might today teach us the lesson of his death and breathe upon us the spirit of his deed, for fraternal self-sacrifice is the cost of liberty, the key-

note of progress. It was not new to the world when Winkelried uttered it. In the past it had spoken from the ghastly frame-work of the gallows, from out the cold honor of the dungeon, from off the executioner's block, from amid the black smoke of burning fagots. You can hear its words from the rack and gibbet of centuries gone, from the Grecian sage as he drinks the hemlock, yes, and from the middle cross of Golgotha: "I'll give myself to make a way for you." Nor did this spirit of sacrifice die on the battle fields of the Swiss Revolution. It lived on, championing many an unpopular cause, recruiting an army of heroes and martyrs, fighting many a fight against human wrong.

Its ranks are made up of men and women who live and die vicariously. Their names stand out from the hazy background of history and shine with the peculiar brightness of stars of the first magnitude. They are the watchwords of humanity and marble shafts tower high and white as fit tokens of their matchless lives, because they dared to come out from the crowd and stand alone, if need be. Men like Martin Luther, who was not afraid of emperor nor pope, duke nor demon, but in the face of all could say: "Here stand I; confute me by proofs from Scripture, or else by plain, just arguments. Otherwise, I will not recant." Men like the Pilgrims, "those stalwart old iconoclasts," who steered their Mayflower "into the wintry sea" that they might "open a way" for their comrades and posterity; who laid the foundations of a nation, planted the seeds of civiliation and protected the growth of freedom—not for themselves. Men like the Continentals of Valley Forge who, not amid the inspiring bugle-call and drum-beat of the battle, but in the silent struggles on the old camping ground, suffered cold, disease and hunger to serve their country and make a way for liberty. Ah! these are the "embattled farmers," heroes of the darkest hour of the Revolution, heralds of the brightest noonday of our independence!

Who has better right to be proud of forefathers than we ourselves? Who can boast of a more costly banner? To whom does there come half so rich an her-

itage of liberty as to us? But, my friends, let not the story of such things tempt us to idle contemplation of the past, or to dreaming with ungirt loins that the golden age is come. Freedom will not keep. It is like manna to be gathered from the fields of every new day. Nothing is more tragic than to sleep on the battle-fields of past victories, than to wrap oursevles in the freedom which our fathers won and dream that we are free. If we waste our heritage succeeding generations will rise up and curse us, and the blood of our past will cry out, "unworthy." Therefore, not only should we dedicate whitest marble to the patriotic dead, but we should consecrate ourselves "to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on" Would we transmit our heritage, multiplied and enriched, to the heirs of the future? Voices from the tomb of the illustrious dead, whom we love to honor, cry to us, "There is but *one* way to do this—only through the sacrifice of *self* on the altar of common weal."

The foes with whom our fathers fought for independence came from beyond the sea, ours were grown within our borders. In the days of Winkelried, it was Switzerland; today it is our own beloved America whose liberties we see threatened by a circle of insolent foes, led by that mother of lawlessness and breeder of anarchy—the American Saloon.

We need take no time in proving that the saloon is bad. It has been tried before the bar of public opinion and convicted. The indictment has included pauperism, poisoned public health, increase of crime, paralyzed industries, laws violated, manhood debauched, womanhood ruined, motherhood blighted, homes desolated and souls damned. Yes, the counts against the saloon run the whole gamut of crimes, legal and moral. All the testimony of all the ages thunders against this monster criminal and from the court of your own conscience as judge comes the sentence full and steady and strong: "The saloon must die."

To execute this sentence means a giant struggle. We must rally the hosts of righteousness for a fight to the death. Our task is not a small one and it will no tbe

easily accomplished. We are not united. Arrayed against us is political prejudice and the appetite for the accursed drink. The dollar is still mighty at the polls and in the lobbies. Newspaper editorial space is sold to highest bidders. Yes, our task is great, our enemy is strong, stronger than we are, stronger than our whole party,—but not stronger than our God. And shall we surrender? Shall we compromise? Are all the heroes dead? Are we unworthy of our country's past? Men, I appeal to your love for home, for fatherland, for God. Listen to the voice of the past: Sacrifice is the philosophy of reform.

No, the spirit of the Swiss Patriot is not new, nor did it die, for as the Lord liveth the Prohibition Party is the embodiment of that spirit today. For neary fifty years it has sacrificed all else for its one great prinicple. And during this campaign and the next, if need be for another decade, yes, another half century, this God-inspired band of patriots will allow itself to be mocked and spit upon and crowned with thorns, but on every election day, gathering into its breast a sheaf of spears it will give *itself* to make a way for a rum-cursed humanity. And today Truth sounds the bugle note calling for more of these heroes. "Give me more soldiers," she says: "men who love principle; men who have convictions and will stand by them, alone if need be; men who scorn bribes and threats and the seseductive flattery of public opinion; men who are the sworn foes of injustice, the implacable enemies of dishonesty in public life; men who love this nation more than they love themselves; men filled with the spirit of the Swiss Patriot, the spirit of fraternal sacrifice,—the spirit of victory."

MAMIE WHITE COLVIN,
Second Honors, National of 1904.

Mamie White Colvin.

The first young woman to win national honors in the oratorical contests of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, Mrs. Mamie White Colvin, is a native of Ohio. Her father, Rev. Levi White, a Congregational minister, was always much interested in the fight against the saloon and was also a well-known writer of books on religious subjects. Her mother has been prominent in the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. Colvin began her education in the city schools of Indianapolis, Ind., graduating from the Manual Training High School of that city in June, 1901. She then took a graduate course in the High School and during the time was a member of the Debating Club and the school Senate. This course was followed by the regular course at Wheaton College, Illinois, from which she graduated in June, 1905, and this in turn by post-graduate work in sociology at Columbia University.

The public speaking career of this noted young woman orator began before she entered High School, by the winning of the W.C.T.U. Silver Medal Contest. This was followed successively by the small gold, the grand gold, and the diamond medals. In college at Wheaton she was prominent in literary society and oratorical work, winning repeatedly in declamatory and oratorical contests. During her second year in college she first entered the Prohibition League contests. From the first she went in to win, setting for her motive the doing of something effective against the liquor curse. Her appeal was always in the interests of those of the innocent ones who were suffering from this evil.

Winning in the Wheaton Local Contest, Mrs. Colvin entered the Illinois State, where she secured highest honors, and then in one of the most highy contested Interstate Contests at Springfield, Illinois, was awarded first honors and a fifty-dollar prize. In June of the same

year, 1904, she represented the Central Interstate Section at the Indianapolis National Contest, the first National of its kind ever held, where she secured second place.

While in college, Mrs. Colvin was an earnest worker in the Young Women's Christian Association and in the Christian Endeavor Society. She was also much interested in the girls' Basket Ball Team, of which she was a member. She was president of the local Prohibition League one year and at the National Convention at Indianapolis was elected vice-president of the National Association, which position she held for two years. She is an enthusiastic leader in the student movement, always equipped with abundant resources and practical ideas. On September 19, 1906, she was married to the president of the Association, Mr. D. Leigh Colvin.

Her other work for the Temperance cause has been equally varied and successful. She has spoken frequently at Temperance Chautauquas and conventions. In 1905 she was County Superintendent of Medal Contest work in Indiana. The same year she was elected a member of the State Executive Committee of the Prohibition Party of Indiana, the only woman who has ever held such a place in that state.

The Right to Prohibit Wrong.

By Mamie White Colvin.
Wheaton College,'05.

Second Honors National Contest of 1904.
Central Interstate Orator for 1904.

(This oration was graded fourth in thought and composition and second in delivery at the National Contest.)

I. This nation is in an irrepressible conflict. The contending forces have passed the stage of palliation. For the friends of truth to hesitate now would be to surrender to the side of wrong all that we hold sacred in time and valuable in eternity. The moral distinction in character, the dissimilarity of purpose and eternal enmity existing between the combatants, are such as to make peace impossible while the stars and stripes give protection to a foe that threatens the very life of every American home.

II. Justice determines the moral element in this issue and indicates the certain and final triumph of right over wrong. This principle forms the basis of all righteous government. The law that governs the conduct of an individual should govern the masses. Can it be right for the multitude to do what would be wrong for the individual? Whatever is morally wrong can never be legally right. The law of right binds all men, even angels, and in its self-imposed bonds may be said to bind the throne of God. "Thou shalt not kill." "Love thy neighbor as thyself." These enactments are universal in their application.

(a) The licensed drink traffic is the arch-enemy of our government—a menace to every home and individual. It spreads depredation and death everywhere. It steels the heart and nerves the hand of the assassin whose unconscious victim may be his dearest friend. Then comes the horrors of the trial, the conviction and the gallows. But we are told there will be another trial,

another judgment bar, where all the accessories before the deed will be arraigned to answer the common indictment. The Judge on the great white throne will say, "Whose hand fits this knife?" Some devoted husband in that awful moment answers, "Oh, Father, it is mine, I murdered my darling wife. But, oh, I loved her so! It was *rum* that did it." If there is to be any mercy meted out on that awful day it will be to such a one. And the Judge will say, "Whose hand fits this bottle and giveth his brother drink?" Two hundred and fifty thousand white-aproned barkeepers will recognize their share in the murder of the millions slain by rum and whose plea for mercy will be unavailing in that day. But the Judge will continue, "Whose hands dropped those ballots that sent the men to the legislature, who passed a law, or left a law upon the statute books that made it legal for the saloonkeeper to sell the vile poison with which to ruin his neighbor?" And then—you and I—if we dropped such ballots, will feel the hot blood of the victims splash into our faces and drop from our finger ends. May God have mercy on our souls!

III. In legalizing the sale of intoxicants we have thrust upon ourselves an evil that endangers life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That the dramshop is a curse no sane man will deny. All great and good men have for years thundered their anathemas against it. Lawyers, judges, statesmen, yea, and even the Supreme Court of the United States, have pronounced it irrevocably wrong and hostile to the welfare of the people and nation. Concerning no other evil is there any doubt of the power of the government to exercise its prohibitive authority. Why does not the government prohibit that which it pronounces injurious to its citizens? It is a mere matter of expediency, a question of dollars and cents reckoned by a poor mathematician!

(a) As to the acknowledged legal right to prohibit that which is a manace to the welfare of the republic, Chief Justice Taney said, "If any state deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens and calculated to produce illness, vice or debauch-

ery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from prohibiting it altogether if it thinks proper." The highest civil authority in the United States confirmed the above statement when the Supreme Court declared "that more crime was attributable to ardent spirits obtained in these retail liquor saloons than to any other source," and "that there is no inherent right in a citizen to thus sell intoxicating liquors by retail," and " if a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be a gainer a thousand fold in the health, wealth and happiness of the people." These facts show that the evils of the liquor traffic, which are condemned by the highest tribunal, ought to be dealt with as the government deals with all other evils which it assumes to itself the right to abolish. This is the only evil which has been so condemned by the United States Supreme Court, which has not been prohibited by law.

(b) The responsibility of prohibiting wrong does not alone rest upon an officer as the servant of the people. In a government like ours every voter is a sovereign and is individually responsible for the principle or the policy he indorses at the ballot box. That the majority of mankind are likely to go wrong is no justification for any citizens going with them or deviating one hair's breadth from what he knows to be right. Can any sane man deny that the saloon is immoral and against the best interests of society? Its fruits are so deplorable that no one has an inherent right to carry it on. Every individual should so act that the legislative and executive departments of our government shall take a stand regarding this evil consistent with that of the judicial department. The only agency to effect this is the ballot.

IV. What has been proposed as a remedy for this wrong? The prevalent method has been to license the business. Statistics show, and no one will deny, that license does not in any way impede the growth or check the prosperity of the traffic. The South Carolina Dispensary, another method that has been tried, is a glaring

example of the futility of restraint by regulation. Under this plan the consumption of intoxicating liquors has increased enormously in the last eight years. To prohibit the wrong is the only method. God has never regulated or licensed sin. His commands are "Thou shalt not." The two dominant parties have proven their unwillingness to destroy the liquor power. The only light that appears in the political horizon to give hope to the millions who are crying to God for a cessation of the usurpation of the liquor oligarchy, is found in that party possessed of sufficient moral conviction to declare in its platform eternal enmity to wrong and to promise a rigid enforcement of all righteous law when elected to power. The terrible doom of national decay is upon us, unless God in his mercy shall so wave the political wand as to bestir the better elements of society to rise in their divinely given right and prohibit this awful wrong.

The only means that has been, or ever will be, effective, as demonstrated in practice and sanctioned by reason, is complete state and national prohibition. No compromise, apology or half-way measure should be tried any longer. According to calm, candid judgment, can one remain inactive or silent and still be innocent of his brother's blood that "crieth from the ground" continually?

The thunder and lightning of God, which is finally to destroy the Rum Demon, is the Christian's ballot, directed by an enlightened conscience. Away with politics, if it is not pledged to protect the boys and girls from the infernal traffic. Arouse, ye voters! Strike the Rum Demon down. The day of his dethronement is at hand. Louder than thunder in summer's first shower, on the dome of the sky, God is striking the hour of our deliverance from rum. All can now see, soon all will say that it is "right to prohibit wrong."

A Political Problem.

By Harry C. Culver,
Cornell College, '04.

Central Interstate Orator for 1903.

(This oration was graded first in thought and composition and sixth in delivery at the National at Indianapolis.)

The twentieth century faces no more serious question than that of the liquor traffic. It is not my purpose to marshal an array of statistics showing the well understood relation of the saloon to poverty and crime. I shall not attempt to picture the wrecked lives and ruined homes for which the traffic is responsible, nor shall I tell you how it is intrenched in our great cities. From these strategic points of American civilization, it reaches out to corrupt and dominate politics. It is undermining the very foundations of our government, but even this I shall not discuss. Examine the question from any standpoint and it demands our thoughtful consideration; but the most important question at present is, "How is the traffic to be controlled?"

The great crusade against the legalized liquor traffic has been in progress for nearly a century, marked by periods of advancement, followed by seeming retrogression. There is at present a world-wide awakening of interest in the temperance question. This is especially true in our own country which should take the lead in this great movement. But with this awakening of interest comes the problem of conflicting methods of control. Must we have political action, in addition to the recognized moral and educational agencies?

That the temperance question has become political is deplored by many. It is often asserted that great moral questions should not be allowed to descend to the realm of political contention. They should be fought out on the high plane of principle. Those who hold these views urge that moral suasion is the best method of dealing

with temperance reform. But past history shows that moral suasion alone is not sufficient. Great moral awakenings such as the Washingtonian, Gough and Ribbon movements have served to arouse interest, but nothing permanent has been accomplished. Moral suasion may cultivate sentiment but sentiment must lead to definite action or its results will be temporary. The history of these past attempts shows that we cannot control the liquor traffic by moral forces alone. The saloon is a creature of law, and under certain restrictions has the sanction of law and is protected by law. It is because of this protection that moral suasion is inadequate. Leave the liquor traffic secure in the stronghold of law and despite all efforts to the contrary it will create its own environment and continue its work of destruction. If the traffic is to be controlled, the law which is back of the traffic must be reached. This can be accomplished only by political action. All past measures of control have been by means of legislation. The saloon fights with political weapons. Thirty-nine years ago, the united saloon forces entered American politics with the declaration, "We will support no party which is unfriendly to our traffic." The saloon question is in politics and that is the place for it. Practically all great reforms in the past have come through political means. Slavery became a political issue before it was abolished. Even child labor reform in our cities to-day is being accomplished by political action. Political action, in this republic, has to do with all moral questions which affect citizenship and the state. Political action has its initiative in the platforms of political parties, since our government is a government by political parties. Temperance legislation, therefore, can become a fact in government only through a political party which administers government. Not only is the question in politics, but in order to secure effective temperance legislation there must be a political party which champions the cause of temperance.

Before considering further the question of a political party, let us notice the two chief methods of political control which are advocated, prohibition and license. There is much fault found with our present prohibitory

laws, mainly because of ignorance of their results. Local prohibitory laws are hard to enforce for obvious reasons. It is difficult to measure their results. Some of our state laws have been somewhat unsatisfactory, but even when tried under the most unfavorable circumstances, prohibition has vindicated itself as the best method of controlling the traffic. Governor Larrabee, although strongly opposed to prohibition when first elected, in his message to the General Assembly in '88, is unqualified in his endorsement of the Iowa law, speaking especially of its efficiency in reducing crime. North Dakota has had a prohibitory law for thirteen years. Judge Pollock, of the third judicial district, in summing up the benefits of this law says: "I am profoundly convinced that the prohibitory system has about it elements better calculated than any other to intelligently control the liquor traffic." Results in Maine are similar. There are cogent reasons why prohibition must always be the better method. It strikes at the heart of the evil and attempts to destroy an immoral traffic. License is essentially permissive in character; it attempts to regulate an evil, and is therefore based on a fundamentally wrong principle, because evil should be eliminated, not regulated. Prohibition brands the saloon as an outlaw, and denies the traffic judicial protection. License sanctions, commissions and protects. Law has a strong educative power. Prohibition educates the people upward, license downward. Prohibition makes liquor selling criminal. It drives the so-called respectable saloon keeper out of business. License, in the eyes of many, confers a dignity; the government authorizes the sale of liquor, therefore it is right. Prohibition is constitutional, license is questionably so. Prohibition is right, license is confessedly wrong. Prohibition, then, is the best method of controlling the traffic, and in order to secure such control there must be a political party which stands pledged to such a course.

Can the reform be accomplished through either of the dominant political parties? The attitude of both parties towards the liquor question during the past twenty years compels us to answer this question in the negative. It would be impossible under existing conditions for either

to declare for prohibition without suffering at least temporary defeat. The votes which the saloon directly controls in the great cities are a balance of power sufficient to defeat either party should it declare for prohibition. There is in the Republican party a strong German element, and in the Democratic party a strong Irish element, both of which are opposed to any such legislation. The friends as well as the foes of the saloon are found in both parties, but prejudice and past memories are too strong to permit of a union of the temperance forces within either party. But the Republicans of Iowa ask with pride, "Did not our party give us prohibition, and can it not do the same in other states?" Such a contention is without basis of fact. The party did submit the prohibitory amendment to the people, but it never once declared itself in favor of that amendment. Prohibition was obtained in a non-partisan election. Chiefly because of this lack of political support, this lack of enforcing legislation, Iowa's law has become more or less unpopular and in some respects a failure. Present political conditions, and the logic of history do not justify us in hoping for this reform through either old party. And now, believing that prohibition is a dominant issue, that a political party is necessary to secure it, and that neither old party can give it, we must face the question of a third party.

There is no necessity at present for the formation of a new party because we already have a Prohibition party. There are many objections to this particular third party. We believe that it holds a unique place in politics. It will probably never place a President in the White House. Its great function is to build up temperance sentiment, to keep the question before the people especially in its political aspect, to agitate, to educate. The principle for which it stands will some day be victorious. No one can deny that the Prohibition party is doing a great work, and yet it fails to receive the support of the great majority of temperance men. It is true that for the time being it divides the foes of the saloon into three parties instead of two, but no real advance can be made along any line without division and the final results will be a union of

the temperance forces in one party. It is true that there are other issues besides prohibition, but these may, for the time, be fairly considered of lesser importance. Should the Prohibition party take a definite stand on these issues, the result would be division within the party and consequent disaster. The man whose party is silent on this question cries, "Don't throw away your vote," and this cry deceives many. But it is not the duty of the voter to cast his ballot for the victorious party. It is his duty to record his convictions. "Don't throw away your vote," is an insult to an intelligent man who acts from considerations of duty. To vote for a third party which has no chance of immediate success, is not to throw a vote away. A vote cast for principle is never lost. The moral duty of the voter needs to be more strongly urged. Ours is a representative government. It is a fundamental principle of representative government that what one does through his representative or agent he does himself. Since our agents are elected by means of political parties, it follows also that what one does through his political party, he does himself. So, when a man votes for a party that champions the saloon, he becomes by that act individually responsible for the existence of the liquor traffic. In the words of the immortal McKinley, "He becomes a partner in the traffic and in all its evil consequences."

But prohibitory laws alone are not sufficient. There must be a public sentiment created against the liquor traffic strong enough to demand the enforcement of these laws. To create this sentiment is the work, not alone of the party, but also of the schools, the church and the home. Here moral suasion and education have legitimate functions, because the country needs a stirring up on this question. Men are needed like Garrison and Phillips, who will hurl anathemas against the liquor traffic as did these men against slavery. But not only must prohibition sentiment be created; it must be crystalized into political action. Those who see no solution of the temperance question in politics have not grasped the real nature of the question. The ultimate solution of the question must be political, because prohibitory legislation

is necessary, and this requires the machinery of a political party. Neither moral suasion alone, nor political action alone, will bring success, but these forces united will. The moral and political forces must unite against the traffic in the individual man at the ballot box.

The present generation can settle this question if it will. But great reforms are impossible without the Gethsemane of sacrifice. Realizing the dangers which threaten our country because of the liquor traffic, voters of America, arise and make the sacrifice. "God give us men! A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands." Our fathers gave their life blood to preserve for us a united country. It is for us to settle this great question, not on the battle field of blood and carnage, but on the battle field of politics by means of the Christian ballot. The highest interests of the home, the school, the church, the state, demand the prosecution of this reform. Every instinct of noble manhood; every principle of right and justice; every highest, every holiest aspiration, implore us to make the sacrifice. May the mantle of the heroes, who have wrought great reforms, fall on the young men of to-day, who shall go forth to be leaders in this conflict, inspired by the zeal of a righteous cause.